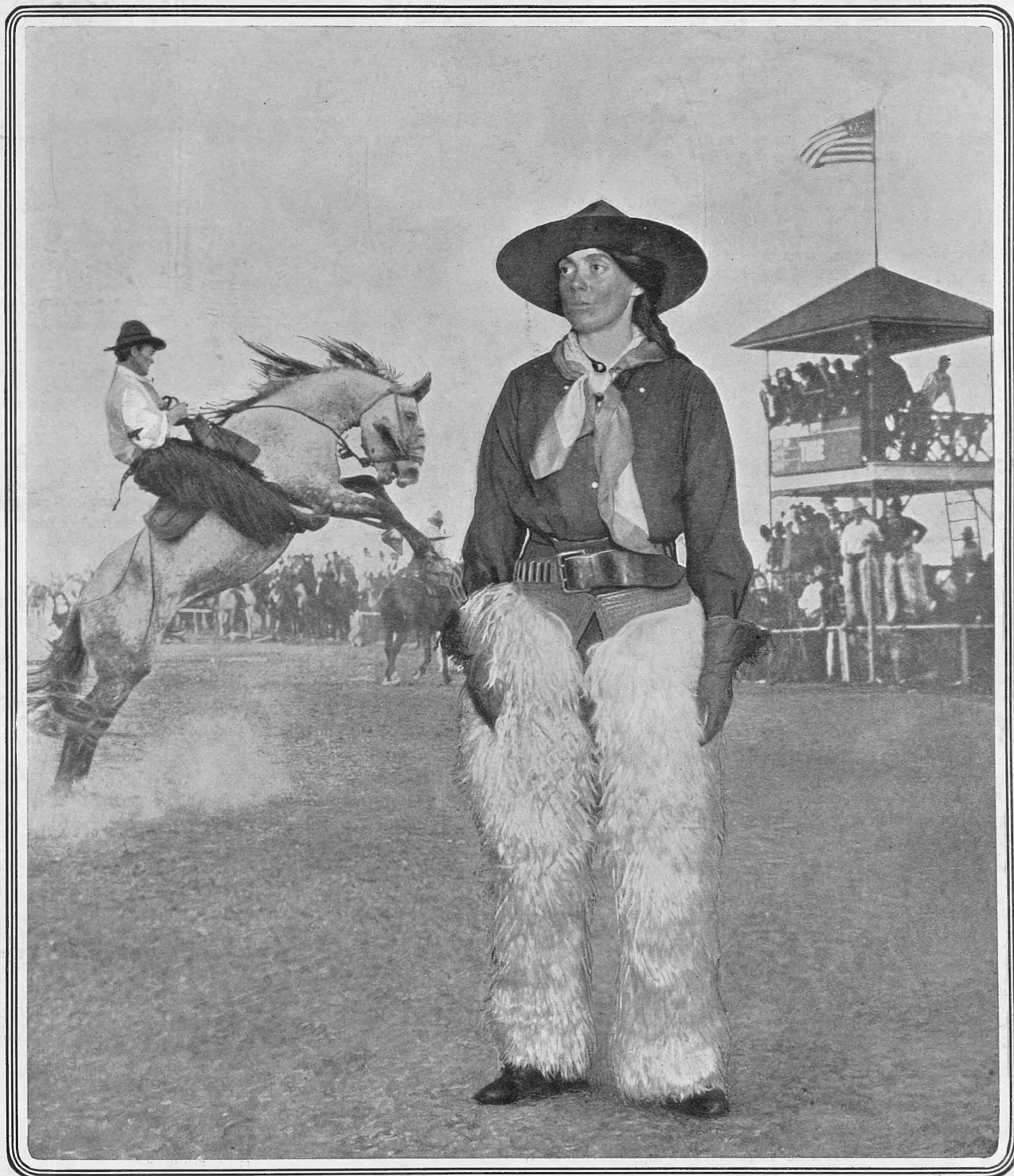


The Sketch

No. 893.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON AS A COWBOY.

Our photograph shows Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson in the dress she wore at the Chelsea Arts Club Costume Ball at the Albert Hall last week. For effect, we have added an appropriate background. Lady Constance's classical dances at the Palace are still very much the vogue.

Photograph by Halftones ; Background Photograph by E. M. Bond.

BY NO MEANS LIKE THE FRENCH VERSION.

THE GREAT CHELSEA ARTS CLUB COSTUME BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL.



1. CHANTECLER (MR. ARTHUR APPLIN).

2. JOAN OF ARC.

3. BLACK AND WHITE (MISS MANNERS).

4. A CROCODILE.

9. APACHES (MISS JONES AND MR. SCHWABE).

10. A BLACK CAT.

No two fancy-dress dances could differ more widely than the famous Bal des Quat'z'Arts, and the Chelsea Arts Club Costume Ball, given at the Albert Hall last week; yet, in a sense, in that, whereas the Bal des Quat'z'Arts of Paris is for art students and models, that of the Albert Hall was for artists, students,

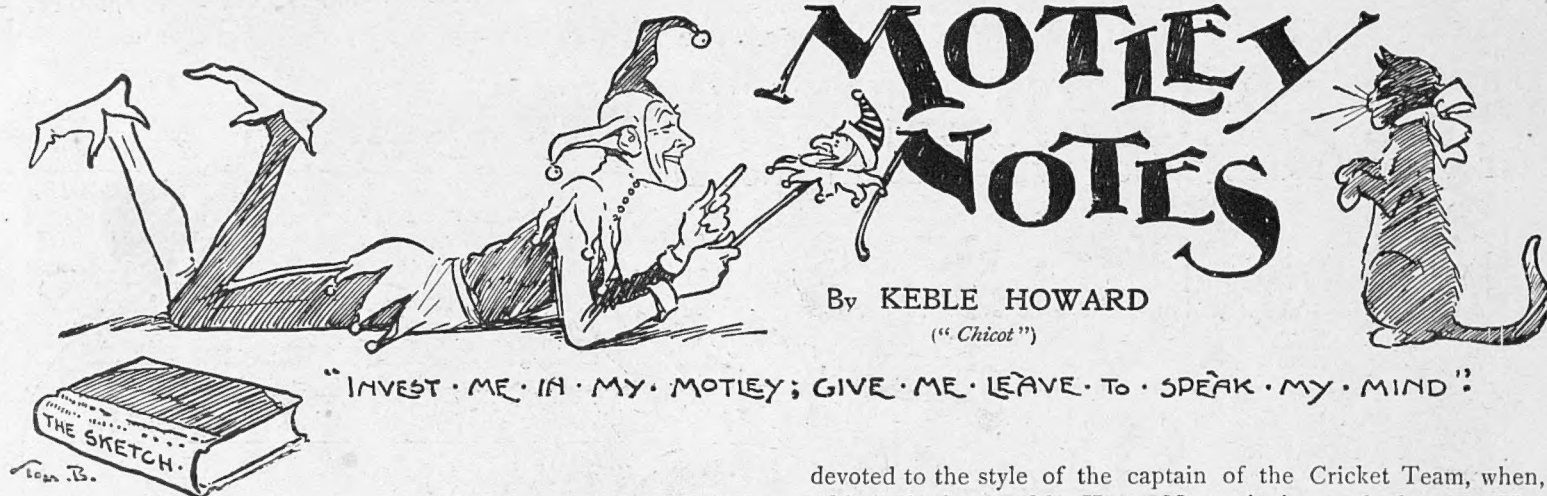
A BRITISH "BAL DES QUAT'Z'ARTS."

THE BIGGEST FANCY-DRESS DANCE EVER HELD IN ENGLAND.



5. AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST (MR. JESSE WILLIAMS). 6. A BALLAD IN A FLAT (MISS VIOLA TREE). 7. AN AUBREY BEARDSLEY FIGURE. 8. AN ELEPHANT (MESSRS. H. AND M. RAYNE). 11. A BLACK CAT. 12. A FRENCH OFFICER AND A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE (MESSRS. WALTER EMANUEL AND HUGH LAW, M.P.)

The latter function may be described as a Bal des Quat'z'Arts, for most certainly the four arts were remarkably well represented. It was exceedingly unlike the French ball, also and their friends. Amongst the friends were many people well known in Society.-(Seven photographs by Illustrations Bureau; three by Halstones.)



Every Sunday morning before I click off my light and go to sleep—every Sunday morning, that is to say, during the University terms—I read a little paper called the *Isis*. Most people know that the *Isis* is the journal of the Oxford undergraduate. I am astonished to find that it is sixteen years since I first began to read the *Isis*, and almost as many years since I first became a contributor to its pages. I generally wrote verse in those days. One took a popular comic song, made the names and the terms local, and the "parody" was complete. (Nowadays, of course, the standard is much higher.) I was fairly facile at this sort of thing: facility has always been my snag. There came a day when I submitted some verses which began—"When I first put this cap and gown on." It was a so-called parody of Sir William Gilbert's famous lyric, "When I first put this uniform on." You will see that I was not very far away from the original. I kept almost as close as that to it right through. The verses came with delightful ease. I suppose I had them complete and ready for the post in about twenty minutes. I laughed in my sleeve to think how easily I had earned that seven-and-sixpence. But I had earned nothing. The Editor returned my excellent parody with the remark that Mr. Gilbert's verses were copyright.

An undergraduate paper, naturally, is always changing its editor, and with every change of editor the tone of the journal is also changed. This system has its advantages; one gets such a variety of tones. I have known the *Isis* flippant almost to the point of tomfoolery from cover to cover, and I have known it so sedate that, temporarily, it must have extracted sixpences from many of the Dons. Just now it happens to be a particularly brilliant *Isis*. I fancy that it began to be brilliant—especially brilliant—last term. There appear to be two editors; this, in part, may account for the brilliancy. Which of them wrote the leader entitled "The Public School Spirit" I have no idea, since the leader, quite properly, is the only feature in the paper that is unsigned. Anyhow, he is a man of splendid moral courage. Listen to this, and remember that it was written and printed in the midst of three thousand public-school boys, and that the writer cannot go ten yards, unless I am greatly mistaken, without meeting a public-school boy at whose idol he has dared to aim a stone: "The Public Schools have become fashionable. Newspapers interview their prominent athletes. Fiction deliberately misinterprets their atmosphere. 'The happiest days of one's life'—such is the popular verdict which a man disputes at his risk. To weep softly behind the pavilion while the Harrow wickets are falling is the orthodox thing at Lord's. . . . Men who in other branches of life are not totally devoid of intelligence adopt the farcical pretence that every cricket match is a sixteenth decisive battle of the world. True to the best English traditions, we are rapidly verging on the hysterical in the matter of Public Schools. The thing is becoming a pest."

I say that it needed pluck to write that in the *Isis*, and, having written it, still more pluck to walk down the Corn on Saturday morning. But wait a minute. Our daring young friend has not done with them yet. He goes on to examine into the reason why the German schools, for instance, are so far in advance of English schools from an educational standpoint. "The fault," he says, "does not lie with the boys. When a boy finds that his schoolmasters are apparently incapable of discussing anything more intellectual than the House Football Team, when he finds pages of weekly magazines

devoted to the style of the captain of the Cricket Team, when, if athletic, he is petted by House Masters' wives and adored by House Masters' daughters, it is small wonder that he considers the *mens sana* a very unimportant function in *corpore sano*."

A Mere Suggestion.

Perhaps the best thing in the whole article is the parody of the silly old saw that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. After a very neat little specimen of the usual stuff talked by the "genial apologist" for the present standard, the writer says: "The pious address usually concludes with the inevitable reference to the playing-fields of Eton; to which the cynic replies that, whatever might have been the case with Waterloo, the battles of the Boer War were most certainly lost on the playing-fields of Lord's." That saying is worthy to stand alongside Rudyard Kipling's immortal reference to "the flannelled fool at the wicket, the muddled oaf at the goal." They tell me that Kipling is not so popular with the purely athletic set as he used to be. This must cause him great grief. The Editors of the *Isis* should send him a copy of the paper containing the leader from which I have ventured to quote. I should not be surprised if it drew a letter that would be valuable to them in the way of "copy."

When to Jump.

There are times when London seems to be quite at a standstill. This is one of those times. There is nothing at all doing. The Liberal Party has tided over its immediate danger. There is no case of any particular interest before the Courts. The weather is quite pleasant without being exciting. The Repertory Theatre has laid most of its cards upon the table. The Crosland case is over and almost forgotten. The "Chantecler" hats have all been photographed. Most of us are rather tired of the rubber boom. The flying-people appear to be taking a rest. Mr. Chesterton's novel has been published and reviewed. Everything has been said that could possibly be said about "Elektra." The election of the London County Council is always a fairly dull affair. Mr. Shaw can think of nothing newer to say than that there are very few people as clever as himself. Nobody is getting divorced until the new rules come into operation. Nobody is getting married because it is Lent. For the same reason, nobody is in London or out of it. London, in short, is quite at a standstill. Now is the time for an enterprising young person with a new idea to jump into fame. But the idea must be very new, and he must exploit it very quickly. These lulls, unfortunately, do not last long.

Mr. Haggard's Little Innings.

Mr. Rider Haggard has tried hard to enliven the situation. He has said that "the Englishman's home is his castle; and in many instances, for the children, it has been a castle of despair." The worst of this sort of statement is that there is no possibility of getting up an argument about it. It is just fearfully and terribly true. Mr. Rider Haggard might as well have said, "The Englishman's home is his castle; and in many instances, for the children, it has been a castle of joy." We could not have contradicted that, either. If he really wanted to rouse us from our appalling lethargy, he should have said: "The Englishman's home, once upon a time, was his castle. Now it is a hotel, run by the Englishman's wife, upon philanthropic principles, for her relations." Or something equally absurd and untrue. It is astonishing how they will hurry to and fro, talking about it. Mr. Rider Haggard should take six easy lessons for beginners from Mr. Shaw.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY: CARNIVAL AND A CRIME.



AN HONOURED
GUEST OF THE
QUEEN
OF QUEENS OF
PARIS:
MLLE. RUZENA
BRAZOWA,
QUEEN OF
PRAGUE, ONE OF
THE MOST
NOTABLE
FIGURES IN THE
PROCESSION.



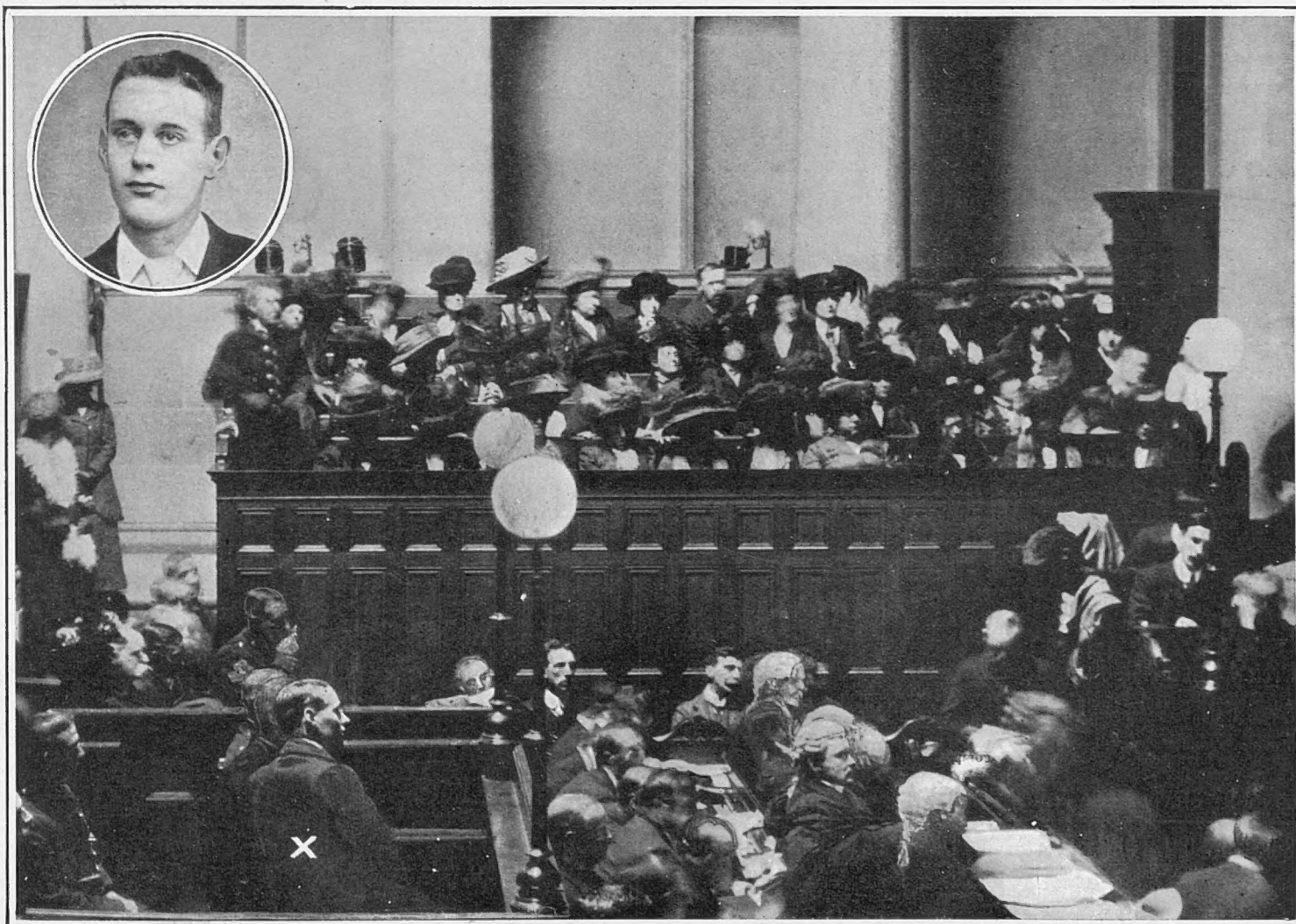
A MID-LENT AMAZON: A PARISIAN BEAUTY RIDING ASTRIDE
IN THE REMARKABLE PROCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF QUEENS
OF PARIS, WHICH WAS SEEN IN PARIS LAST WEEK.

ROYAL FOR A YEAR IN A GREAT REPUBLIC: THE QUEEN OF
QUEENS ALIGHTING FROM HER CAR AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE
DURING THE MI-CARÊME CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

Despite memories of the great floods, Paris found it much in its heart to rejoice during the usual Mi-Carême Carnival. The procession of the Queen of Queens was, indeed, if anything, more elaborate than is customary. In it figured thirty cars, three hundred cavaliers, fifteen hundred auxiliaries, and a thousand musicians. At the Elysée, the Queen of Queens was presented with the bracelet that is always in evidence on such occasions by the President's secretary, acting for M. Fallières.

ACCUSED OF THE GORSE HALL CRIME,
AND ACQUITTED: CORNELIUS HOWARD.

Photographs by W. G. P.



A COUSIN OF THE VICTIM OF THE GORSE HALL CRIME ON TRIAL FOR THE MURDER: CORNELIUS HOWARD IN COURT.

Cornelius Howard, a young pork-butcher and a cousin of the dead man, was tried at the Cheshire Assizes last week on a charge of having murdered George Henry Storrs. He was found not guilty and was acquitted amidst loud cheers. The prosecution could suggest no motive for the crime; and the accused was able to prove an alibi, namely, that he was at Huddersfield on the night of the crime, playing dominoes.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

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THE CLUBMAN

The Collingwood Centenary.

This week honour is being done to the memory of Lord Collingwood, Nelson's great lieutenant. Had Nelson not possessed such an overpowering personality, we should have known more and talked more of Collingwood. He was a sailors' Admiral, and the proof of his popularity was that he had a nickname. One of his Christian names was Cuthbert, and this was contracted down to Cuddy. "Cuddy," somehow or another, caught the fancy of the Navy, and at one time became a sort of generic term for any young officer. If a lieutenant forgot the name of a midshipman to whom he wished to speak, he could always attract his attention by calling to him, "Hi, you there, Cuddy!" The picture of Lord Collingwood in the National Portrait Gallery, with his telescope under his arm, stroking his chin with one hand, was said by his contemporaries to be a most excellent likeness; but he should have had an apple in his hand instead of the telescope under his arm. When Cuddy came on to the quarter-deck of a morning, munching an apple and regarding the weather with a critical eye, his officers knew that active work was at hand. The comfortable-looking Admiral with the double chin was as great a fire-eater as Nelson himself, and we have the testimony of the greatest of our naval heroes to the gallantry with which Collingwood always put his ship in the post of greatest danger.

The Collingwood Peerage.

Collingwood was a great economist. No Admiral was ever more careful of Government stores than he was, and it smote him to the heart to see any waste. In one of the great naval battles—I rather fancy it was Trafalgar—Collingwood, going into action with every stitch of canvas set that his ship could carry, gave the order at the supreme moment to cut away all superfluous sails, and great stretches of canvas went fluttering down into the sea. Nelson, looking on, remarked that it must break Collingwood's heart to lose so much new canvas. Collingwood had one grievance—that his peerage was not allowed to be perpetuated through his daughters. He had no sons, and he gave, in his petition to the King, a bluff reason for the smallness of his family. Unfortunately, the relics of the stalwart old Admiral were never collected. A sword went here, a star there, his seals elsewhere. It might be a fitting time, this Collingwood Centenary, to collect and place in the United Service Institution or at Greenwich the personal effects of the stout old fighter.

Ex-President Roosevelt.

Ex-President Roosevelt is coming out of barbarism into civilisation again, and at Khartoum will find electric light and a club and an officers' mess. He is to be received at the Guildhall when he comes to London, and no doubt the freedom of the City will be conferred upon him. No man has ever been less forgotten when he has cut himself off from the world than Mr. Roosevelt has been. All the time that he has been in Africa, he has been there simply as a collector of specimens of big game for the great Natural History Museum of America, and also as a journalist, writing very occasional letters. Yet he has been more talked about, and his probable actions when he returns to America more discussed, than if he were a European Emperor gone into exile and about to return to his Empire. Mr. Roosevelt, as President, was a very good friend to England, and in giving him the freedom of our capital, we shall be showing our gratitude for kindnesses already done. It may be in Mr. Roosevelt's power to show himself a friend to this country in times to come, for he yet has a great future before him.

The Dalai Lama. The Dalai Lama, the spiritual head of one section of the Buddhists of the world, is, so it is said, going to Peking to lay his grievances before the Emperor and the Regent. Apparently, the incarnation of Buddha thought that he should have some interest in worldly as well as in spiritual matters, and he and the Amban, the Chinese Governor in Lhasa, quarrelled. The big force of thoroughly drilled Chinese slaughtered the "Golden Legion" of untrained Lamas as if they

were sheep. The suzerainty of China over the kingdoms which border India—Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim, as well as Tibet—will some day become a very live question in the Far East. While China was a fossil Empire, losing province after province, the claims she

put forward that her Emperor was the over-lord of kingdoms far to the south and west were so shadowy that they were not worth disputing. Most of these kingdoms, more as a compliment than anything else, send some sort of tribute to Peking; and I believe that the British Government pays ransom of some kind for Sikkim. If China makes Lhasa the headquarters of a well-drilled army, pushes her outposts down to the borders of Nepal, and directs the Prime Minister at Khatmandu to look to Peking for inspiration in dealing with the British Government, and to build a palace for the Amban alongside the house of the

British Resident, the officials at Simla and in the India Office will be much perturbed. These things at present are outside the range of practical diplomacy, but some day they may come within it.



A LONG-LEGGED SEAT FOR WEARERS OF A NEW FASHION: Mlle. Mario Calvill.



DRESS THAT NECESSITATES SPECIAL FURNITURE: Mlle. Mario Calvill wearing one of the new long and tight costumes.

The new long and tight skirt makes it difficult, or at least unbecoming, for its wearer to sit with any comfort on a seat of ordinary height. So much is this the case, indeed, that some followers of the mode are having seats with specially high legs built for them.—[Photographs by Fuller and Osborne.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE Wright Brothers insist that they alone have the right to use the air in the United States of America, and have compelled M. Paulhan to cancel his flying engagements. It is understood that the Wright Brothers are hard at work signing licences to breathe for the liberty-loving Republicans of America.

GOOD-BYE, "LITTLE GIRL," GOOD-BYE!

(The "little girl" woman is to be one of the features of the present season.)

Auntie has given me quite a shock—

She's covered with bébé bows,
She's dressed in a skimpy and
school-girl frock,
And lavishly patent hose.

For baby dress is the mode this spring,

And what she's been forced to do,
Is to pose as the latest and smartest thing—
A flapper of forty-two.



Latest fashion news. The "Chantecler" hat must be fastened with pins shaped like eggs.

And talking about eggs, the Council of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland had some eggs for breakfast a day or two ago which were brought from China, and were laid forty years ago.

Few of the members, we are told, could be persuaded to taste the unknown delicacies. Few will be found to cast the first egg at them for their lack of scientific enterprise.

Still more about eggs. The New York *World* states that scientists at Cornell University have successfully carried out remarkable experiments by mixing a harmless pink dye with the food of some white hens. The result is that the hens now lay pink eggs. There is nothing new about this. Years ago a farmer used to give his hens hot water to drink, so that they could lay eggs ready boiled for breakfast.

When Mr. Roosevelt broke up his camp at Gondokoro and dismissed his porters, the worthy blacks started for Kampola, singing in praise of his generosity, and delighted with the prospect of being able to buy wives through his bounty. Just when the Royal Commission on Divorce is sitting, too.

The Dalai Lama has fled towards India, but the Tibetan people are said not to be satisfied with his attitude. They must not be too hard upon him. He is an elderly sportsman, and has, no doubt, lost his sprinting form.

To the reviewer, says the *Bookseller* oracularly, the judiciously written preface is necessarily of the utmost utility. Every author his own reviewer, in fact.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

(Spring cleaning is to be more strenuous than ever this year.)

Spring cleaning, ghastliest season
of the year,
To man abhorrent, but to woman
dear,
'Tis now that, bitten by thy
microbe dread,
The British matron goes clean off
her head.
For her fell task in aged garments
dressed,
A knotted kerchief o'er her head
is pressed,
She rides the whirlwind and di-
rects the storm,
While ancillary bags the rites
perform.

Pictures and books in shapeless
heaps are stacked,
Their covers tattered and their
glasses cracked;
The chairs and tables hurtle round
the room;
Thick clouds of dust induce a
hideous gloom.
The mournful wreck they view
with horrid glee,
And only pause to swallow pints
of tea;
Till topsy-turvydom is throned
supreme,
While man lacks courage even
to blaspheme

The High Court has decided that the bed of the sea is Crown property, and that trespassers will be prosecuted. This is awkward for the fish. Oysters have their own beds, but where is the haddock to get its night's rest?

A Treasury White Paper says that no less than £96,000 had to be spent last year in chasing the more-or-less Mad Mullah up and down Somaliland. This seems rather expensive, considering that the Mullah and all his men, their wives and their camels, could be bought for about a quarter of that sum.

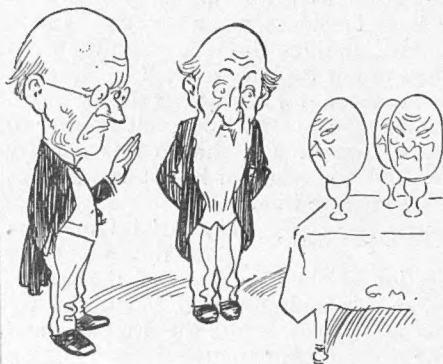
A telegraphic agency reports that the ex-Sultan is in a very bad state of health, but Chevkot Pasha says that Abdul Hamid's health is perfectly satisfactory. No doubt, from different points of view, the two statements mean exactly the same thing.

Vegetarianism has raised the price of boots in America. It is like this. Fewer people now eat meat; therefore, fewer cattle are killed; therefore, there are fewer hides; therefore, there are fewer boots; and therefore boots are more expensive. It is quite simple when you know how it is done.

A new paper called the *Tramp* has been published. At last Weary Willie is coming into his own.

Four years ago the Cambridge crew were said to be training on eggs; two years ago their diet

was said to be oranges; this year the story goes that they are training on sponge-cakes. In two years' time someone will probably start a yarn that they have combined the three, and are living on sponge-cakes made with fresh eggs and flavoured with oranges. These things add a picturesque touch to the dry details of practice.



QUEENS OF BEAUTY: FAIR WOMEN OF SOCIETY.



1. THE HON. MRS. LAWSON JOHNSTON, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSO.
4. THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST, ONLY CHILD OF LORD SACKVILLE OF KNOLL.
7. MRS. MEYER SASSOON, A FAMOUS LONDON HOSTESS.

2. MISS DOREEN MILNER, DAUGHTER OF SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BT.
5. MISS WILSON, DAUGHTER OF MRS. CLAUDE WILSON, OF BELMONT, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
8. MRS. HARRINGTON (IVIE, LADY COLQUHOUN).

3. MISS MARGERY LAWSON, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL THE HON. WILLIAM LAWSON, AND A GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD BURNHAM.
6. LADY CHARLES FITZMAURICE, DAUGHTER OF LORD MINTO
9. LADY EVELYN JAMES, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 by Val L'Estrange; 2, Lallie Charles; 3, Rita Martin; 5, Esmé Collings; 6, Alice Hughes; 7, Thomson; 8 and 9, Lafayette.

SMALL TALK

HAS not the Sage of Comic Opera said that every infant is born a little Liberal or a little Conservative? It is only fair, therefore, that when a son is given to Lord and Lady Middleton and the Opposition, such staunch supporters of the Government as Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson should be similarly favoured. So far, in a season with a particularly high and interesting birth-rate in the political world, the Parliamentary system of pairing, as applied to the cradle, has been out of gear. The Balfourians must see to it; for there are half-a-dozen important Liberal infants newly arrived, future candidates, of whatever sex, for a place on the Treasury Bench. And even in the Middleton-Pearson pairing the Government has a majority, for Mr. and Mrs. Pearson are to be congratulated on the birth of a son and heir, and at the same time of a twin daughter. Lady Middleton, who before her marriage seven years ago was Miss Madeleine Stanley, came to her mother, Lady St. Helier, in Portland Place a few days previous to the birth of her baby. Though the first son of the marriage, he is not destined in the natural course of events to be the future Lord Middleton. Lord Middleton's heir was born twenty-two years ago, being the son of his first wife, a daughter of Lord Wemyss. All the same, if talent is hereditary, he may yet sit in the armchair once occupied by his father at the War Office.

Fancy Dress. Cock's-combs and cock's-feathers held high festival at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall. But Beardsley, as well as "Chantecler," was in evidence. Miss Viola Tree, when she appeared at a fancy-dress dance a few months ago apparelled in the style of the black-and-white artist's curious "Chopin Ballade," set the fashion for London. In Paris a fashionable hostess had already given a party at

easy for his son. Such an illustrious name should not be laid aside, and Viscount Gladstone is the best sort of name within reach of the new Governor of South Africa. Lord Wimborne's son and heir, on the other hand, had a double problem. He had to choose a title he liked which was also a title he will not mind discarding when he inherits the older Barony of Wimborne. By the way, the list of fathers and sons who have sat together in the House of Lords is not a long one, but it is even shorter than one usually well-informed chronicler supposes. It is quite true that the eldest son of the late Marquess of Queensberry was made a Peer in his father's lifetime; but his father, as it happened, had no seat in the Gilded Chamber, for his fellow Scottish Peers never chose him as their representative.

Butler Weddings. "Miss Evelyn Butler has been much congratulated on her engagement to Mr. Rupert Drummond" is an announcement which is turned upside down by Mr. Rupert Drummond, who naturally feels that he is the party to be "much congratulated." Miss Butler, by the way, has been staying with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Ormonde, at Kilkenny Castle, where Mr. Drummond—who is a son of the late Lord Strathallan—was her fellow-guest. Kilkenny is a fine place, that has attracted royalty both as guests and tenants.

The Empress of Austria rented it for hunting in 1880, and Edward VII. himself has stayed there. Another Butler wedding is in sight: Lord and Lady Dunboyne's daughter, Miss Rosalinda Butler, is to marry Captain J. C. Bowen-Colthurst on the first possible day in April—that is, April 2. The Dunboyne Butlers are one of many branches of the family of Le Botiller, the first form of the title that gave Lord

A PROUD MOTHER OF TWINS: MRS. HAROLD PEARSON.

Mrs. Harold Pearson's son and daughter have been received into the family with great rejoicing. The boy is the first grandson of Sir Weetman Pearson, the millionaire contractor. The baby's father, his eldest son, is the Liberal member for the Eye division of Suffolk, who married Miss Beryl Spencer Churchill, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Edward Churchill.

Photograph by Stephanie Maud.

Ormonde, the Chief Butler, his name.

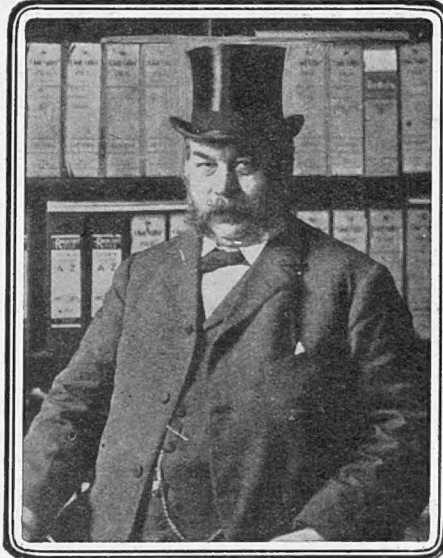
Bighamy. Sir John Bigham, as a witness, has the delightful knack of putting everybody in a good-humour. Even Lady Frances Balfour, whose cross-examination of Sir John on the laxity he seemed to allow husbands read rather raspingly in the next day's papers, was a smiling Portia when she had him in hand. Sir John's supposed latitude towards male matrimonial offences has given rise to a new informal word in the lexicons of Lincoln's Inn. It is the word "Bighamy"; but there must be no dropped "h"—or Sir John himself will see to it!

A FAMOUS AMERICAN HOSTESS IN LONDON: MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL. Mrs. Anthony Drexel, in whose family two interesting marriages are about to take place (one of them that of Miss Drexel to Viscount Maidstone), is an American hostess who speedily conquered London. She has now a magnificent house in Grosvenor Square, built on the site of that for many years occupied by the late Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lewis, therefore holding the tradition of millions.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

which Beardsley costumes were *de rigueur*. Moreover, when that clever actor, Mr. Thesiger, had fewer professional preoccupations, and gave a dance at the Chelsea Town Hall, both his prizes went to costumes derived from Beardsley's fantastic designs. An authority has said that all Beardsley people should wear wigs of brilliant red or deep black, but this rule has not been universally followed in the dressing-room.

Another Guest in the House of Lords. The Grand Old Man thrice shirked the difficulty of choosing another and more official title, but he nevertheless made the task of such a choice very



LABOUR'S SILK HAT: MR. JOHN HODGE, MEMBER FOR THE GORTON DIVISION OF LANCASHIRE, IN THE NOW FAMOUS "TOPPER." Mr. Hodge is a staunch believer in the silk hat for wear on all more or less ceremonious occasions, and the fact that he is Labour M.P. and "topper"-wearer in one—an unusual combination—has aroused much comment among his fellow-Labour M.P.s and others. Meantime, Mr. Hodge sticks to his guns—and hat.

Photograph by Illus. Bureau.



CAPTAIN OF THE SUNNINGDALE GOLF CLUB: PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the only surviving son of Prince and Princess Christian, is the heir, after his father, to the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, the present Duke Ernest Gunther having no children. Prince Albert is Captain in the Regiment of Hussars of the Kaiser's bodyguard. He is a cricketer, and is the captain of Sunningdale Golf Club. *—(Photo. Russell and Sons.)*



THE ENGAGEMENT OF "TEDDY JUN.," MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE YOUNGER AND MISS ELEANOR B. ALEXANDER, WHO ARE TO MARRY.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt the younger is ex-President Roosevelt's eldest son, and is twenty-two. He is working in a carpet factory at Connecticut. Miss Alexander is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Alexander, of New York, and is twenty-one. She is an excellent amateur actress and dancer. *—(Photographs by G. G. Bain.)*



CARVING HER WAY TO FAME? EVELYN THAW, SCULPTOR.



NOT TO RETURN TO THE STAGE: MRS. HARRY THAW WOOLIES A NEW PROFESSION.

After the trial of Mr. Harry Thaw, for the "unwritten law" murder of Mr. Stanford White, it was said that Mrs. Thaw would return to the stage. This, she says, she has no intention of doing. At the moment, in fact, she is studying the art of the sculptor, in the hope of turning to it professionally. Our photographs show her in her studio in New York.—[Photographs by the Fleet Agency.]

CROWNS, CORONETS, COURTIER

THE Prince of Wales's visit to Knowsley adds a page to the history of a house of famous hospitalities. The poor and

dependents, no less than Princes, have had their share at Knowsley. Times were when the Earls of Derby kept 220 servants there, and fed sixty poor people with meat twice a day. As many as 2700 paupers have been supplied with meat, drink, and money on a single Good Friday; but as the Prince of Wales will end his visit about a week before that day, he will not witness even the twentieth-century ghosts of that feast. He will, however, be able to test the products of the present-day kitchen,

and to groan, like a guest of some time ago, at their abundance. "At 9.30," writes the guest in question, "a housemaid appeared with an enormous tray and breakfast enough for a family—tea, beefsteaks, cold partridge, eggs, rolls, toast, potatoes, buns, and fruit." There are other things beside breakfast at Knowsley; there is the chair-block on which the seventh Earl was beheaded—a relic which reminds its owners that they are vulnerable, even though possessed of Lancashire's largest array of racing cups.



TO MARRY MISS CONSTANCE F. ROMILLY ON THE 17TH; MR. RONALD MUIR-MACKENZIE.

Mr. Montague Ronald Alfred Muir-Mackenzie is the eldest son of Sir John Muir-Mackenzie, Member of the Executive Council of the Government of Bombay, and is Private Secretary to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, and Deputy-Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons.—[Photograph by Beresford.]



TO MARRY MR. RONALD MUIR-MACKENZIE ON THE 17TH; MISS CONSTANCE FELICITE ROMILLY.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

The Benckendorffs. Nobody at the first Court—the more brilliant of the two—had fuller hands than Countess Benckendorff, who, in the absence of Mrs. Whitelaw

Reid, was responsible for the diplomatic presentations. She headed the list with nine ladies under her wing; while the Countess of Dundonald, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Carrington, and several others followed with their threes and twos.

The verdict of Buckingham Palace, that Countess Benckendorff was "magnificent," was not only due to the advantages bestowed on her by Dame Nature and Mme. Modiste. Like her husband, she learned manners and excellent English at the Russian Court, where all Benckendorffs are in high favour. The Russian Ambassador's brother is A.D.C. to the Tsar, and it is he whose clanking sabre and spurs, and politeness and good looks, win the praises of Petersburg.

The Pink of Perfection. While Mr. McKenna was parrying questions about the cases of

"pink-eye" at Osborne College, the disease, according to an alleged humourist, was rife at Buckingham Palace. Certainly every eye at the first Court caught, and was riveted by, Mrs. Winston Churchill's flashing draperies of pink. Among the prevalent blacks and whites they were as catching as a cold, and far more stimulating. Lady Macclesfield in milk-colour; Lady Inverclyde in ivory; the Duchess of Somerset in silver; and even Mrs. Asquith in amethyst—she, too, dressed according to her name's initial letter—were foils to Diana's own colour. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's claret robes, and Miss Kato's coral, were the nearest points of successful rivalry with the pink of perfection sported, perhaps symbolically, by the wife of Home Secretary and home-enamoured Winston.

Ladies of Name. The palm for distinction of

Christian name among this season's debutantes is assigned to Miss Aëira Bulkeley, a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Bulkeley. She and her

elder sister, Generis, are staying in Portland Place with their parents, who chose for them names rare and

strange, discussed at many a family council before, during, and after the period of christenings. In the generation that is now fourteen or fifteen years old, Violets and Evelyns abound: in the generation that is now fourteen or fifteen days old, there are to be numbered several Elektras. Burke's next edition may not be without even its Lady Klytemnestra.

A Welcome Wolf.

Among the guests at a recent reception in Paris were "Prince Paul Troubetskoi and his Wolf." In London we like to keep the wolf from the door; but there are other alarming beasts that prowl in Mayfair drawing-rooms, and even in my lady's chamber. It has been a matter of some speculation whether Lady Evelyn Guinness will constrain herself to banish her own particular pet when she gives her first dance. It lives, (more or less) on her shoulder; and it is a ferret! Ferret or no ferret, her dance, and that of another novice among hostesses, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, promise to be exceptionally successful features of the young year's season.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; MISS IRIS FITZGEORGE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL GEORGE FITZGEORGE.

Photograph by Thomson.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; MISS DAPHNE FITZGEORGE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL GEORGE FITZGEORGE.

The Misses Daphne and Iris FitzGeorge are clever amateur actresses and dancers who sometimes take part in an amateur performance for charity. They are granddaughters of the late Duke of Cambridge, and have been taken out by their aunt, Lady FitzGeorge, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge.

Photograph by Thomson



TO MARRY THE HON. GEORGE BAMPFYLDE TO-MORROW (10TH); MISS CYNTHIA LASCELLES.

Miss Lascelles is the only daughter of the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and is a niece of the Earl of Harewood. Mr. Bampfylde is the eldest son of Lord Poltmore.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



WIFE OF THE LEADER OF THE NEW BRITISH SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION; MRS. ROBERT SCOTT.

Mrs. Scott, wife of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., who hopes to place the Union Jack on the South Pole, thereby making the English-speaking race owners of the ends of the earth, is the daughter of the late Rev. Canon Lloyd Bruce, and was married to the famous explorer two years ago.

Photograph by Meindelsohn.

BEAUTY'S BRAZIER: AN "ATMOSPHERE" CREATOR.

Les Brûle-parfums

THE latest mesh in the European beauty's net takes the new-old form of braziers in which perfumes may be burned, that the fair burner may create her own special "atmosphere" at will. Scent has always been one of woman's weapons, and one that she has used with great skill. Even in these modern, somewhat tailor-made days there are many who choose their perfume according to the colour of their frock, as many who select one scent and retain it always. It is now possible for those who favour perpetual "incense" to carry their taste to such an extreme that they can perfume the very air they breathe. The new brazier is to be seen in two shapes. In the one case it is a box with a pierced lid through which the scented smoke is passed into the room; in the other, it suggests the old warming-pan, save that, unlike that article, once of common domestic use, it is pierced.

"AN AMBER SCENT OF ODOROUS PERFUME HER HARBINGER."

We illustrate some of the latest forms taken by the perfume-brazier, a device which enables the beauty to create her own "atmosphere."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Climax."

It was rather hard upon Mr. Edward Locke that his play should come at the end of a tremendous week. Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Maugham, and the Sicilians were a deadly prelude to a little comedy with a fair amount of simple sentiment, simple humour, simple

pathos, and a rather effective dénouement, but without depth or intensity or truth. Moreover, the author of "The Climax" calls upon his heroine to prove that she has a voice good enough for success in opera—and Miss Marie Doro, though she sings quite nicely, failed to prove anything of the kind. Indeed, "The Climax" without the big voice really was a case of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. She acted prettily, even if too skittish, in the first act, as the girl who when she had her voice would not marry her suitor, and when she had lost it was willing to wed him, and when she had found it again cashiered him.

exquisite old music, almost like the melodies of Mozart; and this made one forget to wonder why the people did so little and said so much, or speculate about the conclusion of the unfinished comedy. We listened with tranquil but indisputable joy.

The Barrie Brace. Speaking superficially, the two Barrie plays appeared a little coarse when compared with Meredith's work—as stoneware after porcelain; but the remark is quite unjust. You may call "Old Friends" sombre and gloomy, or hurl at it what some think the crowning insult, "realistic," yet it is finely imaginative. Only a real artist and fine craftsman could, with means so simple, have created such an atmosphere of horror. "L'Assommoir," or "Drink," may be regarded as powerful in warnings against alcohol: they are less impressive, less awful than the vividly presented story of the unhappy man



PART-AUTHOR OF THE NEW LYCEUM DRAMA: MR. EDWARD FERRIS.

Mr. Edward Ferris and Mr. B. P. Matthews are the authors of the Lyceum's new drama, "The Fighting Chance," which was produced on Saturday last. Mr. Ferris is an actor of wide experience, who has appeared at many West End theatres. He is also well known as a writer in the inner theatrical circles, though this is his first important work to be produced. Originally called "The Cheat," it has, under its new title, been played with great success in Australia and New Zealand, where, indeed, it is being acted at present.

Photograph by Bassano.



A FAIR PLAYER IN "THE ARCADIAN": MISS YVONNE FITZROY.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE NEW LYCEUM HERO: MR. ROBERT MINSTER, WHO IS PLAYING CAPTAIN JIM BLANCHARD IN "THE FIGHTING CHANCE."

While Mr. Robert Minster, the hero of the new play at the Lyceum, has come to the London stage by way of America, he is not a citizen of the United States, but an Englishman. He left home, however, when scarcely more than a boy, and, going to Texas, got employment on a ranch, which he left in order to play small parts in French with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt during one of her American tours. Later, he sang in German opera at Covent Garden, played in America, and at Drury Lane and elsewhere.

Photograph by Hana.

There was an excellent performance by Mr. Russ Whytal as Luigi Golfanti, an old Italian professor of singing. He may not have been very Italian, but he was altogether agreeable in the comic and the pathetic aspects of the part. Mr. Guy Standing, an able young actor, played with ability as the wicked Doctor; Mr. E. Pinto, as a youthful Italian composer, acted with a good deal of spirit.

The Repertory Triplets.

Would it have been a good thing for our stage if George Meredith had laboured strenuously as a dramatist? I wonder. It may be taken that if he had worked earnestly at the time of his greatest activity his labours would have been fruitless to him objectively, though we might be the gainers. The time was not ripe, and it is not certain that he was the man to do the pioneer work triumphantly. "The Sentimentalists" may be regarded as an experiment; even taking this into account, I think it doubtful whether it exhibits a sense of the theatre. It is delightful to listen to by reason of the charm of style. I suspect it would be even more delightful in the library. The diaphanous characters, the phantoms of the mid-Victorian period, were curiously unreal. Astraea was a charming apparatus for a deluge of beautiful, fine phrases, Arden a child of Lyly, exquisitely antithetical in phrase, if less far-seeking in figures of speech than the author of "Euphues." In Homeware there was some wisdom lurking in elegant sentences. The most lifelike creature was Lyra, a young wife who has run away from the "voracious constancy" of her elderly husband. She was very brightly rendered by Miss Mary Jerrold. Indeed, the only real thing was the delicate, somewhat uncharacteristic dialogue, which fell upon the ear like



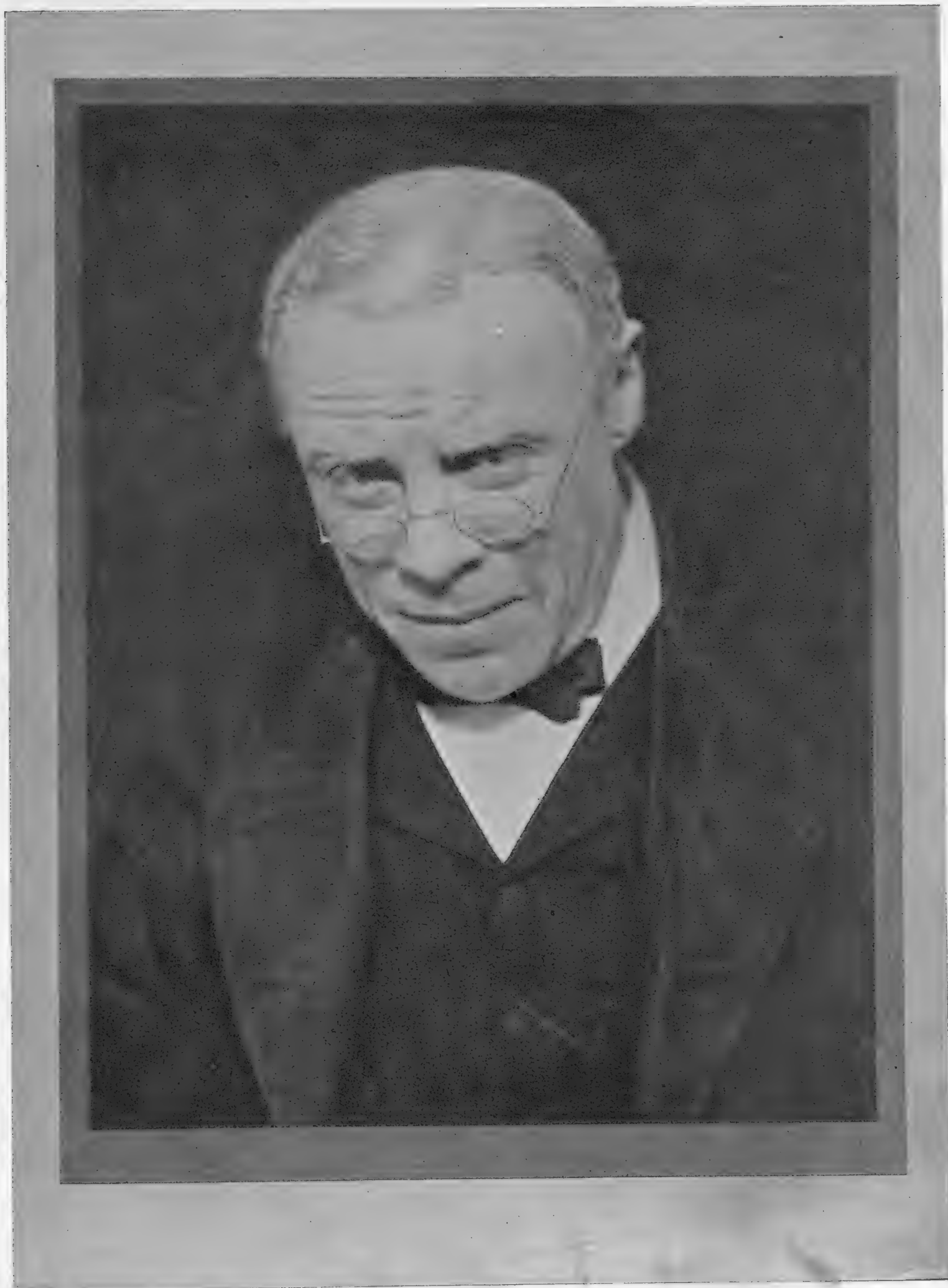
LEADING LADY WITH HER FATHER: MISS MARJORIE MAUDE, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE PLAYHOUSE IN "THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG."

In about a fortnight's time Mr. Cyril Maude expects to produce at the Playhouse, for a series of matinées, Mr. Austin Strong's three-act comedy, "The Toymaker of Nuremberg." The piece was produced in America between three and four years ago. At the Playhouse Mr. Maude will be the toymaker, and in the cast, amongst others, will be Miss Marjorie Maude, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and Mr. Fred Lewis. [Photo. by Amy Cassels.]

who, after conquering drink in himself, discovers that his young daughter, his only child, is a victim of the habit, and believes, erroneously no doubt, that the fault is his. My one complaint is the horrible touch in his wife's wrathful remark that he did not conquer drink, but that the vice grew tired of him. I do not believe that any woman would have said such a cruel thing under the circumstances—cruel and useless too, and worse than useless, since its message of despair might paralyse the daughter in her strife against the curse. A superb performance by Mr. Sydney Valentine, the admirable acting of Miss Lena Ashwell, the skilful study of an old parson by Mr. Hubert Harben, the clever work of Miss Dorothy Minto, and the very picturesque setting, caused the production to be worthy of the already high reputation of the Repertory Theatre. "The Twelve-Pound Look" is a Barrie with a Shaw flavour—intensely funny, and very biting, well calculated to make even the best husband a little restless on his seat, and curious whether his most earnest efforts to please his wife may not be the least acceptable. Mr. Barrie's little "L'École des Maris" may be set against Molière's, even if much narrower in aim, even if he merely "pots" a single bird instead of "shooting into the brown." It will take a long time to forget the comic horror of Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Mr. Sims when Miss Lena Ashwell, in the part of the wife whom he divorced because she ran away, explained that she never had a lover, but merely bolted from the boredom of life with a man who tried to be a good husband, but was vulgar, selfish, arrogant. What keenly barbed phrases, each piercing the hide of the pachydermatous Sims! How funny the play, despite the serious lesson hidden in it! And what acting! it could not have been better in the hands of any players.

“AND FIVE’S TWELVE, AND THREE—FIFTEEN, NINETEEN—”

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CHARACTER STUDY BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



THE MANAGING CLERK: MR. EDMUND GWENN AS COKESON, IN “JUSTICE.”

As Cokeson, a Dickensian managing clerk, Mr. Edmund Gwenn has made one of the greatest successes of his acting career.

GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Teeth and Tabloids.

An impending visit to the dentist naturally forms a most excellent subject for growling, especially as the impending visit has been impending for a little matter of two years. A thousand things have cropped up which made it impossible to keep a long series of



TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: DIGGING A TRAIN OUT OF THE SNOW ON THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY, IN EUROPE—THAT WHICH GOES FROM SWEDEN TO LAPLAND.

Photograph by Trampus.

appointments—work, Paris, weather, golf, people staying, and so on and so on; all of which may be summed up in the one Saxon word, Funk. Is there anything more humiliating than to find oneself in the peculiar chair, surrounded with still more curious implements, at the complete mercy of a man? Is there anything more unpleasant than to lie back, with a sort of gag of indiarubber over one's mouth, while this man grips one's head with one hand, and with the other guides an electrically worked needle to the fatal spot? The whole process is appalling; and if by any chance—and the chance is no remote one—one's friend the enemy finds it necessary to take out a tooth lock, stock, and barrel, the pain at the time is ghastly, and the cavern into which the tongue will wander afterwards is indescribably unpleasant. I fling out a growl, therefore, at the whole institution of teeth. I have many times thought the matter over, and I cannot see any good reason why we should have teeth at all. I think that teeth ought to have gone out with the stock and the nankeen trouser. They should have died before the Albert period, since when we have made great strides. This is the time of the tabloid. Teeth are quite unnecessary. Every meal of the day can very simply be compressed into tabloid form and swallowed at one gulp. In addition to the fact that one could carry all one's meals for a week in a neat silver box, there would be no toothache and no dentists and, incidentally, no growl.



DIE SCHÖNHEITEN VON BERLIN: COMPETITORS IN A BEAUTY SHOW IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

Photograph by Topical.

If He Were Not a Dentist.

I am not, believe me, saying anything derogatory about dentists as such. They are estimable people, who perform, more or less expensively, most unpleasant duties. If my dentist were not a dentist, I should

certainly make him a personal friend and call upon him frequently. He is a charming man. His smile of welcome is angelic, his flow of small talk unending, his knowledge of current topics most up to date. He has the approved bedside manner, the touch of an expert billiard-player, a sensitive and sympathetic soul. If he were not a dentist, but a cricketer or a golfer, a soldier, a sailor or a barrister, a cultivator of orchids, an epigrammatist, a journalist, a motor-car expert, the Chief Registrar in Bankruptcy, a man of no occupation, an actor, a struggling youngest son of a duke, a solicitor, or even a Radical Member of Parliament, one would like and respect him. But he is a dentist. That is the worst one can say about him. He makes appointments simply because he desires, above all things, to put one's mouth in order for the good of one's constitution, and one can do nothing else than break them, being human. It is absurd, silly, unpractical, childish, unwise, and very natural. The mere mention of his name suggests visions of an artistic room, soothingly decorated, in the middle of which there is a table covered with the back numbers of *Punch*; it conjures up the figure of a callous man-servant who, says, "Will you step this



A WENDY HOUSE IN AMERICA: A REFUGE IN THE TREE-TOPS AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA.

Photograph by Inkersley.

way, Sir?" with a Mephistophelean grin; and, finally, brings a painful recollection of The Room, filled with instruments of torture not less cunning and devilish than those of the Spanish Inquisition.

Nerve and Funk.

I growl at the whole thing—the possession of teeth and the profession of dentistry. I growl at that thing which is called nerve, and I growl at funk, because, after all, teeth and dentists, if properly regarded, are useful, decorative, and pleasant. It is merely nerve and funk which should be growled at. More than once I have almost enjoyed myself when, having finally got over these two things, I have placed myself in the chair. Not long ago, I had a back top double-tooth taken out in three sections, and I greatly enjoyed assuring the almost breathless dentist that his efforts gave me no pain. It was delightful to see the look of joy which spread over his face at this unbelievable statement. It was gorgeous to see him puff out his chest, and to hear his pride in his art given expression to in enthusiastic words. I knew that I had made one man happy that day, and that he would attack other sufferers with renewed confidence and assurance. I have been also quite pleased with the quick hammering of the machine on the tooth that was being stopped. It is not possible to get this curious sensation anywhere else in the world, except, perhaps, in a railway accident. Then, too, the sense of enjoyment that one experiences in leaving the dentist after a solid hour's intense pain and discomfort is unique. A whole book might be written in justification of dentists; but the horrid fact remains that one may be obliged to go to one's own pet dentist again. I started growling at teeth, and I end by growling at them. For all that, I would rather be an unintelligent chorus girl with two rows of exquisite pearls than a much-advertised person with only a few, scattered implements of grinding in the whole of his mouth. What irony! What a pathetic revelation!

TUTTI FRUTTI.



THE SULTAN'S ENGLISH CHEF (*rushing up to a fair unknown after a tussle with the fruit-merchant, whose language and haggling methods he cannot master*): For heaven's sake, Madam, what is the price of currants here?

THE UNKNOWN: Sir, you forget yourself; I am a Sultana.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

STAR TURNS

A GOOD deal has been heard of late in certain quarters of the harm the actor-managers and other leading actors are doing, or are likely to do, to themselves and the stage by appearing on the music-hall stage. How far these opinions are shared by some of the most noteworthy actors who have been "on the halls" or are there at present may be judged by the following interviews which *The Sketch* has had.

Mr. Lewis Waller's View.

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Lewis Waller, "I can see no difference from any point of view between acting on the stage of a theatre and the stage of a music-hall. My present engagement at the Hippodrome, too, you will remember, is not my first experience on the halls, for I have recited at the Palace. As far as appreciation goes, no audiences could be more delightfully quiet or more intensely sympathetic than those I have had at the Hippodrome. They are perfectly attentive during the play—for my monologue is a play—although at the end they are, as a rule, even more demonstrative than theatre audiences. As for the question of the actor losing prestige, I need scarcely say that if I thought he did, I should not be acting at a music-hall. As a matter of fact, it has never made any difference in position to any actor where he has acted, and I do not believe it ever will. In acting, the great thing is to act. It does not matter where one acts. I do not believe if I acted in a barn I should be called a 'barn-stormer.' As to losing one's hold over one's own audience, I can only tell you that, as far as I am aware, my appearances at variety theatres have rather tended to enlarge the attendance at the Lyric Theatre, for those members of the audience who have liked my work when I have been at the halls have followed me to the theatre to see me act there."

Mr. Huntley Wright.

"It used to be considered the right thing for an actor on going on the halls," said Mr. Huntley Wright, "to play down to his audience; and it used to be considered that the play must be rougher and more melodramatic, and the method of playing it broader and louder than in a theatre. However true it may have been once that music-hall audiences needed their fun and entertainment to be of a rough, homely, elementary nature, I feel sure that this state of things has passed, or is passing rapidly away; and when I started on the halls with my present little play, 'The Little Father of the Wilderness,' it was with the expectation of occasionally having an inattentive audience. I have, however, been entirely surprised. We have played in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and at the Coliseum to audiences more attentive and, if possible, more appreciative than one gets in a first-class theatre. As for the actor's environment, I find a provincial music-hall, to say nothing of London, is a handsomer building, more comfortable in front, better lighted, and with a better orchestra than is the average provincial theatre, and when our best authors have awakened to the fact that there is a better field in the variety

theatres for one-act plays, and more attention and appreciation than they will ever get for a 'curtain-raiser' in a theatre, they will write for the halls the good stuff which is all an audience wants. Further, I am convinced that an actor can do quite as good work in a music-hall as in a West-End theatre."

Mr. Cyril Maude.

"So far as it has any influence at all," said Mr. Cyril Maude, "I consider that playing in the music-halls is rather helpful than otherwise, for when he gets on a big stage, the actor must broaden his style. I have gone back to the Playhouse without having suffered consciously any ill-effects as an actor from this broadening process. So far as I am aware, my audiences also have not detected any adverse difference in my acting. In the old days, there may have been—there was undoubtedly—a difference between the theatre and the music-hall. That was caused by the different kind of performance each gave. To-day, there is little or no difference—so far, at least, as the kind of play they produce is concerned. Personally, I see so little difference between them that I intend to go from one to the other quite frequently. As for losing popularity, I can only tell you that I received but two letters from any of the people who are accustomed to seeing me in the theatre offering any protest or objection to my going to the Coliseum; while, so far from my music-hall experience damaging my reputation, I have come back to the Playhouse to play in a bigger success and to a larger public than I have ever had. By inculcating a love of plays, I believe the 'sketches' in the music-halls help the theatre."

Miss Winifred Emery.

"It is absolute rubbish," said Miss Winifred Emery, "in my opinion, that it does the actor any harm to go on the music-halls. So far as the effect on my own work is concerned, I am not conscious in acting at the Hippodrome that I am not on the stage of any West-End theatre. Before I went there I thought I was going into a new world and should have to get accustomed to a new atmosphere. To my amazement, I detected no difference at all in anything except that I was on a larger stage than I am when I am at the Playhouse. I do not even, consciously, broaden my style—perhaps because my own acting is always laid on broad lines. As to leading actors doing harm to the stage by going on the music-halls, it is worth noticing that they go only when they would not be acting otherwise. It does not seem to me to make any difference whether the public sits in what is called a theatre or in a music-hall. The decorum is the same in both places, and both are equally reputable. After the run of a play, there may be no engagement forthcoming in a theatre for an actor for months. Now, a music-hall steps in and offers work at a salary about three times as large as any theatre could pay. Why should the actor refuse, and sit at home doing nothing? It would be absurd—and lazy."



HONOURING THE COUNTRY SHE REPRESENTS IN DANCE.
MISS RUTH ST. DENIS IN HEADGEAR OF INDIAN FASHION.

Photograph by White.



'Tec Tactics.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



IV.—MR. HERRING TRACKLER LIES IN WAIT FOR A POACHER ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"IN MATTERS OF STATECRAFT, THE FAULT OF THE DUTCH—"

READING "I Will Maintain," and recalling most pleasantly the history learned so laboriously and forgotten so easily, many will be tempted to revise an old saw. It has been said times without number that "in matters of business the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." For "business" read "statecraft," and the secret of scores of the happenings of that period of stress that began with William of Orange's first breaking of bounds and ended with his election as Stadtholder and the fall of the de-Witts stands revealed, a sword of unyielding steel. Of the Grand Pensionary's integrity of purpose there can be no doubt: in the words of Sir William Temple, "Whenever he was blinded, it was by the passion he had for that which he esteemed the good and interest of the State." But he gave too little and asked too much. In seeking to shape a Republican out of royal clay, he essayed a task to which he was not adapted. The material remained untransformed under the touch of his fingers, the wheel refused to turn under his heel. Had his manipulation been more delicate, his tread less heavy, he might have fashioned as he would. At least, the finished vessel would have reflected the cunning of his hands. As it was, the potter was foiled by the stubbornness of the "earth" and his lack of knowledge of its properties.

In other words, John de Witt, tutor and gaoler in one, showed his prisoner-pupil the key as often as the book, let him hear the harsh clang of the bolt as often as the sibilant scratching of the pen. What wonder that William was reserved, at times almost to inhumanity, impatient of control, determined to uphold the motto of his House—"Moi je sera Nassau, je maintiendrai"? What wonder that, when

opportunity came, he defied Grand Pensionary and High Mightinesses, went to Middelburg, took his seat as premier noble of that State, and made his maiden speech a manifesto? Few could expect anything else of him; certainly he himself could expect no less of himself. And had he not the name? That he remained a patriot says much for the call of blood. Tempted by France and England, hedged about with difficulties, with every chance of deliberately leading the people against the men they had chosen as their heads, he remained faithful to the United Provinces, driving back their enemies and securing their religion, accepting the Stadtholder-

ship only in deference to public clamour, serving his country according to his lights as resolutely as did his great opponents, John and Cornelius de Witt, according to theirs. That he should be idolised was natural. With the pride of the Prince was allied the graciousness of the Prince: more than one would have played Brutus for him, to the Cæsar of the Grand Pensionary. Above all, when the de Witts and many another would have bowed the knee to France, he stood firm. In the Assembly, he read the final terms of France, the demands of England. Those present "flung themselves on his wisdom and valour. 'There is but one answer to these terms,' he said—'the coldest, most contemptuous refusal.' . . . They sat mute. They had placed their fortunes between his hands; he was the master of their destiny—the destiny of the United Provinces. . . . He and they could remember when he was a mere name in the State—the Prisoner of Their Noble Mightinesses. . . . 'There is one ally to whom we may turn for aid, one ally who saved us once before. 'The sea,' he said, 'the sea!'" So came the opening of the sluices, the cutting of the dykes, the saving of Holland.

And what of John de Witt? "His heart swells with pleasure at the deliverance of his country; he does justice, too late, to the Prince whom he has always mistrusted. He is reviled, hated, cursed; the storm has already engulfed his brother. . . . The elder de Witt is put to the torture." John de Witt goes to him, in prison. In the Plaats the crowd gathers, a cloud heralding the storm. As the fallen statesman seeks to leave the gaol, two burghers cross their muskets before him and say him nay. He turns back. In the centre of the Plaats a section of the burgher company of the red put up a scaffold. Soon, the mob attack the prison-door. It is battered down. Yells and the noise of weapons come up the narrow stairway. The hunters enter. It is the end.—A man rides out from The Hague in haste. He meets a coach, and bids it halt. "The MM. de Witt have been murdered!" he said hoarsely, "two hours ago—my God! my God! They were to hang them on the gibbet—they dragged them out of the prison for that end—but they had not got them through the gate before they tore them to bits. . . . See, I bought this . . . for two sous. . . . They cut off his fingers, for he used them to sign the Perpetual Edict." . . . He held out a beautiful human hand; torn and bloody, half enwrapped in a length of fine lace. The lady drew closer. "I know that hand very well," she said; "yesterday it was on the body of my husband." . . . "The wretched stranger, finding himself face to face with the wife of Cornelius, fell on his knees in the road and could not speak. Maria de Witt was quite collected. In that instant when she heard, through the coach window, that she was too late—when she heard what had happened at The Hague—heart and brain had broken."



A GRUESOME RELIC OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES: THE PAPAL GUILLOTINE AND THE EXECUTIONERS' DRESSES.

The guillotine shown in the photograph was used in Rome during the latter days of the Papal Government. In our illustration there are shown with it the red blouse and cap of the executioner, the dagger with which the coup de grâce was given when necessary, and the white blouse and eye-holed cowl of the assistant executioner. The gruesome relics have just been transferred from the Regina Coeli Prison to the Vittorio Emanuele Library, where they will remain until the Patriotic Museum is completed.—[Photograph by Trampus.]



THE HOUSE IN WHICH OLIVER CROMWELL'S GHOST IS SAID TO WALK: THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF LORD GARVAGH, AT THE MARBLE ARCH.

It is said that the ghost of Oliver Cromwell walks in the music-room of Lord Garvagh's London house, headless and alone. The room is on the spot where the body of the Protector was exhumed, hanged, and quartered. The spirits of other dead are said to haunt it also.—[Photograph by W. G. P.]

holdership only in deference to public clamour, serving his country according to his lights as resolutely as did his great opponents, John and Cornelius de Witt, according to theirs. That he should be

FOUR MORE OF THEM!

all



HERR VON WRENCH-MOLAR (a dentist, and a most enthusiastic follower of his profession): Ach, Himmel! for vere leedle expense der mouth could be made of der perfection.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



THE SMALL GIRL (to Willie, who is generously giving a copper to the organ-grinder's monkey): Oh, don't give it to him, give it to his father.

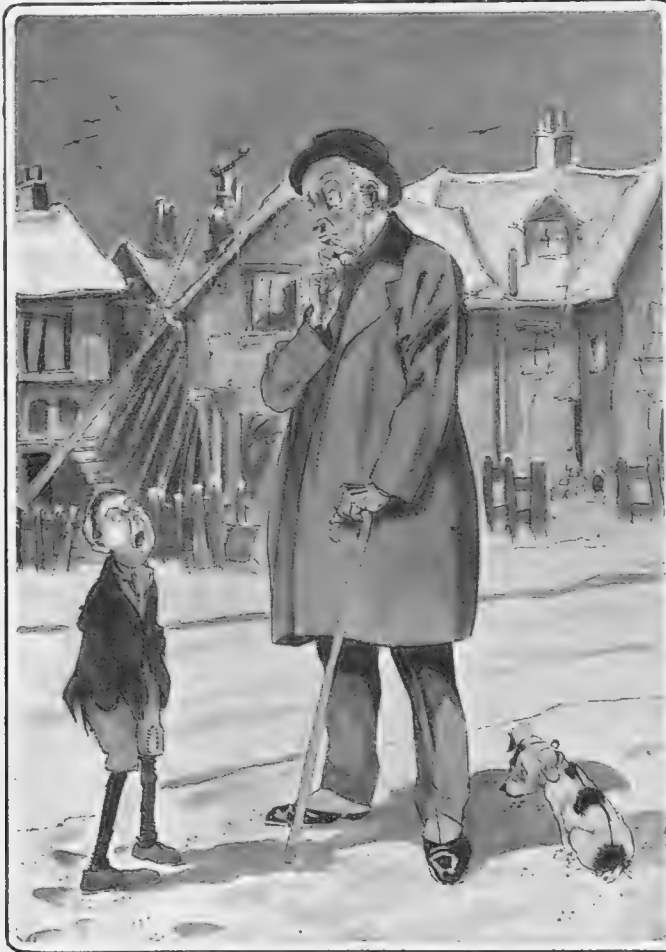
DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



THE GUARD: Now then, you gentlemen, going on?

JARGE: Please, Zur, one of us be come to shes t'other off, but us 'ave forgot which one be goin' away.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



THE KIND OLD GENTLEMAN: What's the matter, my little man?

THE LITTLE BOY: Boo-oo! I'm so c-c-c-old.

THE KIND OLD GENTLEMAN: Well, why don't you go indoors?

THE LITTLE BOY: 'Cos muvver says she'll warm me if I does.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE ADVENTURES OF A PERFUMED MOUSTACHE.

By NINA BALMAINE.

THEY met in a ball-room.

Now the Woman was a widow of unblemished fortitude, and winsomely young.

The Man was alert and masterful; he was also romantically handsome.

It appeared to her that possibly he was aware of this. Such men are dangerous, and she was chastely chary of her appreciation of the buoyant flippancies with which he opened his campaign. He encircled her waist with a coiling arm, and drew her gently into the vortex of the valse. Then she knew that he danced divinely.

The ways of the bad dancer are different. He faces the girl with that fixity of purpose peculiar to limpets and Christian martyrs. Then he mobilises all his energies, and discharges himself (and her) into the arena with the furious force and dubious aim of a catapult. The career of that man seldom includes the supper dance, and his partner's end is—pieces.

Yes, the Man was a seraphic waltzer. He glanced in her eyes, and thought he saw a furtive challenge in their chaliced azure. Thus encouraged, he contracted the circle of her waist and looked at her lips, half-parted now in the dreamy ecstasies of the "Blue Danube" waltz. The upper lip had the wreathed curl of Cytherea, and the lower was a leaf from a July rose; the twain made a mouth of singular sweetness and a dainty lure for men.

His brilliantined moustache brushed her face and filled her delicate nostrils with the perfume of the White Rose of Rimmel. She struggled ever so slightly, but he relaxed not his hold.

"Submission gives consent," he said to himself as her lithe body swayed, in perfect unison with his, through the palpitating measures of the dance.

"I enjoyed that waltz," she murmured, as he led her through the lilies to a secluded alcove in a miniature grove of palms and ferns.

"It is not dancing with you—it is dreaming," he replied.

"What a delicious nook this is!" she twittered. "I never saw anything quite so lovely."

"Everything here is beautiful," and he looked at her.

They were hid from observation by frondage of palm and fern. There was no sound save the languid tinkling of a tiny fountain in a grotto covered with vernal foliage, a colour-scheme that was grateful to the eye after the glare of the ball-room.

II.

Again they met in the valse.

His eyes signalled the secret purpose of his soul, but hers remained tantalisingly inscrutable.

"Do they never express emotion?" he wondered. "I feel certain, in an uncertain sort of way, that I have more than an outside chance. I must find out to-night. Suspense does not agree with me. I cannot ask her to arbitrate on my merits at such short notice. There is only one other way: I must give her an opportunity to imply it. But how can that be done?" The apparent impossibility of it chilled him. He involuntarily folded her tighter, and felt a resilient resistance that thrilled him to desperation.

Then a strange thing happened: the electric installation failed, and the place was plunged in primeval darkness.

The Man kissed the Woman: tentatively at first, on the forehead; afterwards deliberately on the mouth.

Then the light came.

Flushed, but superbly self-possessed, she said, in a firm voice: "I will dance no more to-night."

"May I call to-morrow?" he hazarded.

The elaborately coiffured golden head was tilted haughtily, the blue eyes stared beyond him hard and cold; he saw that he was not in the perspective. An expanse of pearly shoulder was turned to him for a moment ere she disappeared in the murmurous throng.

III.

The Woman was walking along the bank of a river that flowed round the edge of a wood. She came to her favourite spot where a pool, as clear as crystal, enclosed in its pellucid depths a faery landscape of fleecy clouds, floating over purple hills, and valleys veiled in opal mist.

She sat down against the gnarled bole of an ancient elm, and marvelled at her own loveliness mirrored in the lucent element below. She tossed a pebble in, and laughed as the river, beguiled by some Circean sorcery, suddenly changed her beauty into a weird gargoyle of womanhood. She watched the enchanted water weaving spells about her face till the eddies died away, and there was no motion in the pool save the flashing of her happy eyes haunting its dim recesses.

Then the Man came through the trees and stood submissively at her side. He stammered something—a lie probably. She did not bid him go, so he sat down at a reverential distance.

Neither spoke. He was ill at ease and in a sentimental mood. She saw this from under her long, silken lashes.

"The episode of the ball-room is about to be avenged," she thought, and smiled inwardly with intense satisfaction.

The silence was becoming intolerable to him, when a slight breeze blew up and the scent of the lilac, sweet from the spring-time rain, was wafted to them.

"I like the perfume of the lilac," he said, in a tone that invited a similar confidence on her part.

She volunteered no botanical preferences, and looked over him as if he were miles away.

He winced.

Her mouth was tremulous with-mirth, but he had only seen her eyes, and waited manfully for some conversational miracle to manifest itself. It was extremely painful to be held thus under the lens of her scornful scrutiny.

The Woman began to feel sorry for him—a man at a disadvantage is not an inspiring object; besides, it was a sheer waste of a glorious afternoon. He was staring in the pool, a picture of misery and thwarted hopes, but at the same time looking really horribly handsome. A happy thought occurred to her, and, with studied listlessness, she threw a stone in the water.

"Great Scott! Do I look like that?" he shouted as his face widened to goblin disproportions and grinned diabolically up at them.

The effect was magical; they laughed spontaneously.

With a swift, graceful movement, she rose to her feet, for she feared the humanising influence of laughter on one so bold.

He started and stammered something, he did not know exactly what.

"I am going home," she said coldly, and then added, over her shoulder, "through the woods," with ever so slight a hint of invitation in her voice.

He followed her with a great but dissembled joy.

IV.

Now the Woman wore an umbrageous hat that kept him well outside the radius of the mildest amenities of courtship, and their

[Continued overleaf.]

LOUD LAUGHTER!



THE CADDIE WHO WAS UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS MIRTH: A GOLF TRAGEDY IN THREE TABLEAUX.

DRAWN BY F. COPELAND.

conversation for the first ten minutes might have been cut out of a book of etiquette for the middle classes. She felt that it was desirable to be extra cautious with a person of his strategical resource. But the woods were pungent with balsamic odours, the trees were trying on their summer finery, and all nature was in a joyous, reckless mood. The Woman's pulses tingled tumultuously, and she too was glad. And yet she felt there was something the season wanted, though the ways and the woods smelt sweet. She was pining for companionship, for someone to share her thoughts and aspirations. The Man walking demurely by her side might, of course, have quite a lot of worth and wisdom lying funded in him. Should she give him a chance? His habit of taking yards where inches were clearly intended made encouragement a refinement of diplomacy.

They came to a stile. Now, as a gentleman, he ought to have preceded her; but he never saw it, having his eyes on the ground, and his first intimation of anything unusual was a thrilling vision of golden fleurs-de-lis—the lilies of the shield of France—embroidered on her onyx hose. Then something subsartorial caught in a nail, and she stopped with a plaintive little cry.

"Allow me," he said. "And do you mind sitting down on the stile?"

She obeyed him meekly, and he set about the task of releasing her. He solemnly covenanted with himself that it should be a protracted performance.

"Please do not tear the lace if you can possibly help it, as it is very valuable."

He promised to be more careful than he had ever been in his life, in language that implied carefulness to have been his most glittering virtue from a child.

As he was a mere man the lace, however priceless, appeared to be little more than a series of scattered holes surrounded by thread. In his opinion, the design was preposterously involved, and where the value came in was a profound mystery to him. But he wisely kept these thoughts to himself. His infinite patience excited her secret admiration, as he carefully extricated the costly garment. With masculine thoughtfulness he solemnly ironed out the delicate stuff on his palm, and held it up to her for inspection; but she hastily slapped it down.

"I don't think I have damaged your pet—"

"That is my underskirt," she interrupted tartly, in the tone of one imparting information to a perfectly ignorant person.

The Man humbly yielded his peace, but his eyes gleamed with provisional amusement.

She saw this, and her rising colour accentuated the adorable curve of her cheek. They were in the woods alone. She thought of Pan and his perished flute; of the naiad who blushes even to-day in the hydrangea-bush. True, the Man could not extinguish the daylight, but with a person of his volatile temperament this sylvan solitude was distinctly not a sanctuary.

He chatted gaily, and actually rallied her on her pensiveness.

She felt that he was regaining his lost ground, and she heaved a sigh of relief when they reached her gate. She would put him in his place now at any cost.

He began to plead: she started with an exquisite affectation of dismay, and said "Good-bye" with non-committal formality.

"Good-bye," he murmured sadly.

She bowed low with provoking pride, and went away singing through the garden. There was a caressing inflection in her cadence, and his ear caught its promise. He departed slowly, deep in thought.

V.

The Woman went swiftly through the French windows of the drawing-room up to her own room overhead and looked out. The federated odours of a thousand flowers rose like incense to her. How sweet and beautiful it all was! The house itself was covered with lovely blooms growing on a background of the greenest ivy. The recent rain made them look like perfumed gems: there were roses white as moonstones, roses red as rubies, and, sweeter than all, the pearl of Juliet's jasmine.

Alas, there was no man in the house! She was sorry that she had let this one go. It is not good for a woman to live alone: man is the necessary complement of her existence. Something within her cried "Call him back!" and a voice in her heart whispered things about love in a way that was mystical, urgent, sweet. Since her great sorrow the divine passion had ebbed away, but now the slow-moving tide was turning, and through every creek and inlet of her being came stealing in the sea!

She leaned far out of the window to see if he had really gone, and a wild rose wound itself in her hair. As she raised her hand to disentangle the flower the Man, who was meditating in the distance, observed the action and took it for a signal to return. His resolute nature reasserted itself instantly and drove him forward with forceful strides.

The Woman trembled as he drew near, and fairly held her breath when she heard his footsteps on the gravel, crisp and sure as the heel of Hermes. Her heart, like a fluttered bird, beat against the bar of its cage.

There was no time for thought, and, trembling in every nerve, she went down to meet him.

He took no chances this time, and, before her tongue could forswear her eyes, he held her as in the dance.

"Oh!" she faltered, "how dare you?"

He laughed, and led her to a window looking on the garden.

"Which flower would you like best as a souvenir of this day?" he asked.

She nestled her head on his shoulder, and there was a glimmer of mischief in her eyes as she looked up at him without answering.

"Tell me, darling!" he insisted, and the brilliantined moustache touched her lips.

"I think I prefer the White Rose of Rimmel," she said.

THE END.



SUSPENSE!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

THE protest against intensive culture published recently in several papers will come as a serious shock to many a landowner who has encouraged his gardener in the past two years to indulge expensively in bell-frames, matting, and the rest. I have asked several of my friends whether they have found their expenditure remunerative, but down to the present have not found one who can show a profit even when full prices are charged to the house account. Some have raised no more than was required for home consumption, others have set aside an acre or less for intensive culture, and have taken a personal interest in the work. The latter are, of course, more out of pocket than the former, for as soon as you send things from the heart of the country to market in London or a big provincial town your troubles begin. The cost of transit is very heavy, the commissions are large, and the market auctions are not conducted for the benefit of amateurs who endeavour to compete with market-gardeners. I have found this out for myself. Rather more than a year ago I wished to plant an acre or two of cover, and decided to have the ground trenched. In evil hour I listened to my gardener, who persuaded me to plant a potato-crop on the land, assuring me that it would bring back the heavy cost of hand-digging and leave the land clear for the late autumn planting. As he is an expert, or says he is, I agreed. Four tons of costly seed-potatoes were planted on the ground. The year was a very bad one, and

unpleasant reading, so I forbear. But it is not unreasonable to suggest that the boom for intensive culture is on the wane, for, apart from everything else, prices are on the wane.

Turning again to the question of profits, I wonder whether anybody makes hot-houses pay? A significant little story may be told here, though, for obvious reasons, I must suppress names.

A well-known landowner, who possesses extensive glass-houses, was warned by his head-gardener that he must look for no peaches or nectarines in a week when he was entertaining very largely. He grumbled, but the gardener had a host of cogent reasons for the shortage. So the disappointed owner of much glass, in the absence of his son, who generally looked after things for him, drove to a very expensive shop in the West End, and asked for peaches and nectarines. They were not quite as good as he wished. The shopman, who did not know his visitor, made a suggestion. "If you'll come in the afternoon, Sir," he said, "I shall have my weekly consignment from Blank Park." His client started, but made no comment—it was his own place. "What time do you expect it?" he asked. "Mr. X, the head gardener, generally brings the things himself at four o'clock," was the reply. At ten minutes to four the owner of Blank Park was sitting discreetly at the back of the shop and witnessed the arrival of his own gardener, who brought a small cart loaded up with boxes of first-class fruit. It was set down in the shop, and the quality of everything was explained at length. Only when the gardener's eloquence was exhausted did his master emerge from retirement with a firm request that the boxes should be packed up again and taken back to Blank Park for use in the forthcoming festivities. The scene is not likely to be forgotten by any of the parties to it. Needless to add that the gardener (who had a salary that many a struggling professional man might envy, together with a charming house and garden, and all the fruit and vegetables required for his family, to say nothing of other perquisites) was courteously requested to transfer his services to some other place.—MARK OVER.



WALKING ROUND THE WORLD FOR £15,000: THE MASKED LADY IN BLUE.

The "Lady in Blue" started the other day from the Bell Hotel, Sheffield, on a walk round the world for a wager of £15,000. She walks under a time limit, and various other conditions, one of which is that she must start without money, and live on the profits made from selling picture postcards of herself.

Photograph by Halfpence.

the resultant crop was no better, and when the produce was sent to London, the cost of cartage, carriage, and commission came to a few pence over a pound per ton. When the sales were completed and I had the salesman's cheque, it was rather less than I had paid for seed, without reckoning cost of planting, manuring, spraying, hoeing, digging, collecting, and the other expensive items. Other crops suggested by the worthy man did better, but the cost of their disposal transferred the result of each experiment to the wrong side of the account-book, and I have now given up the idea of contributing directly to the food-supplies of my countrymen. Happily, I was turned from all thoughts of intensive culture a long time ago, when a very distinguished authority told me that though he had been a vegetarian all his adult life, he would rather turn to a meat diet than eat vegetables grown by intensive culture. I could give his detailed reasons, but they would make singularly



ROUND THE WORLD IN A WHEELBARROW: TWO ADVENTUROUS BELGIANS PASSING THROUGH PARIS.

Following the lead of a number of others, though adopting a somewhat different method from most of their predecessors, two Belgians are now engaged on a tour of the world, travelling in the manner shown in the photograph. The snapshot was taken as they were passing the Moulin Rouge, in Paris.

Photograph by C. Delius.



INAUGURATOR OF THE VILLAGERS' OWN THEATRE, MR. CHARLES McEVoy ON HIS FAVOURITE HORSE, "PLOUGHBOY."

Mr. Charles McEvoy, the well-known dramatist, is responsible for the Aldbourne (Wilts) Village Players' Theatre, which was opened the other day by Mr. Granville Barker. The first play produced was Mr. McEvoy's "The Village Wedding." All the players were drawn from the neighbourhood, and are amateurs.



By HENRY LEACH.

Oxford v.
Cambridge.

The University match, which will take place at Hoylake in the early part of next month, is specially interesting this year. It seemed at one time that Oxford, who won easily last year, were very likely to do so again; but the Cantabs have been doing very well indeed in their club matches, and are clearly a much better side than they have been given credit for being. Even if the tail to the Woking side that they beat was not very strong,

by holes. Thus, if there were six players to the team, and five on one side won their matches by one hole each, while the sixth man on the same side lost his game by seven holes, the entire match would be lost to his side by two holes, despite the five individual victories to the one defeat. In such a case as this we have the whole argument for and against the different ways of reckoning. The majority hold, and with evident reason, that it is unfair that the side should lose just because one single member goes hopelessly to pieces. On the other hand, it may be said that a knowledge of responsibility like this is what should prevent a man from squandering the holes, and also that the captain should exercise his utmost endeavour against the inclusion of a player of weak nerves, who is incapable of carrying on a losing game with good heart. If one of the oarsmen in a boat cracked up completely, it would matter very little how well the other members of the crew did their rowing.



ON THE PAU GOLF-LINKS, FROM THE FIFTEENTH GREEN—THE TOWN OF PAU IN THE DISTANCE.

still that victory was an excellent one. This good Cambridge form is one of the reasons why the golf match between the two Universities is a thing which it is nicer to consider this year than it usually is, and another reason is the present equality between the two in the matter of past successes. Each has now won the match fifteen times, while only one of the long series that began in 1878 has been halved, that being in 1896. As is the case with the Boat Race, the 'Varsities have runs of victory. Oxford were the first to gain in this way, and they have had the longest run of all, which was from 1897 to 1904, a series which included an enormous victory by sixty-nine holes in 1900. The tide turned in favour of Cambridge five years later, when the match was played for the first time at Sunningdale. The Cantabs then won by forty-nine holes.

Holes or Matches. For the last two years this University contest has been settled by individual matches won, and not by "holes up," as it was previously. It is rather a nice question, and one which has been much debated, as to which is the better system. Opinion has come to favour the decision by matches, which is the way that the international issues are settled; but although this method seems to be the fairer one, and to indicate more exactly than the other the relative merits of the teams, it is certainly not better than the other for making the men feel what may be called the sense of side—making them understand, that is, that each one is the part of a whole, and that the result of the match may hang upon his individual game. It is just this sense of side which is most lacking in golf team matches, as they are played at present, making them in most cases a mere excuse for a day's outing. A man may win his game on the last green, or he may win it by eight and seven, but it only counts as one point for his side in either case. Now, a player who lost by seven holes might, by doing so, neutralise the good work that had been done by all the other members of his team if the reckoning were

Past Matches.

As a matter of fact, it was something like this that happened on the very last occasion that the University match was decided by holes. One of the Oxford men lost rather badly, and the upshot was that Cambridge won the whole thing by one hole. Thus, if the Oxonian had lost by two holes fewer than he actually did lose by, the match would have been won for his side. Which, then, is the better



ON THE PAU GOLF-LINKS, FROM THE SIXTEENTH TEE, LOOKING ON TO THE FIFTEENTH GREEN.
The Pau Golf Club was established as far back as 1856, and has 250 members.—[Photographs by Sports Co.]

system? It has happened three times that the University match has been won by an odd hole, and the Cantabs were the gainers on each occasion. With one exception, all the big victories have been to the credit of Oxford, but that side also twice won by only two holes. The standard of University golf is almost certainly higher now than it has ever been, and there was some general agreement that the side which represented Oxford in the match at Sandwich in April of last year was the strongest that has ever played for either University, although when Mr. John Low was at Cambridge he had some good players with him—men who distinguished themselves considerably in golf afterwards. It has often been said that the late Mr. J. A. T. Bramston was the best University golfer while in residence that there has ever been; but Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham, who led the Oxford team last year, and led it so well as to win his game against Mr. Hammond Chambers by nine and eight, can hardly be much inferior to any other man ever selected to take part in this contest.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Brackets for Bottles.

I have been quite astonished to find that some motorists hesitate to carry the Michelin air-cylinders on the score of some danger, which they are quite unable to define with any precision. In this connection they may take their courage in their hands and cast away fear, for the makers are emphatic in their assurance of safety. They point out that the cylinders containing the air are tested to a point far above the stress imposed upon them by the charge of air they contain. Further, too, to these most convenient and most useful adjuncts, Messrs. Michelin—realising that an important consideration with any accessory to be carried upon a motor-car is the convenience with which it can be stowed—have produced, and are selling, a very neat pair of brackets, in which these cylinders can be safely carried on or in any part of the car. With these cylinders it is "once used, always used," for they thereafter and for ever engender a high distaste for the back-breaking job of pumping up a tyre.

The Queen's New Car.

Patriotic motorists will learn with more than pleasure that, in ordering a third motor-car, the choice of her gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra has fallen once again upon a vehicle by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, of Birmingham. The new car is to be fitted with a powerful six-cylinder engine of the latest Wolseley type, and, unlike her Majesty's two preceding cars, will have live-axle drive. It is gratifying to reflect that her Majesty's new car will be a British production of the best. All owners of Wolseley-Siddeley cars regard them as second to none produced here or on the Continent, for they are the outcome of the best automobile engineering brains fortified by complete road knowledge.

Light, More Light!

The day we get that business Government upon which Mr. Horatio Bottomley discourses so glibly and so frequently may be followed by some common-sense form of Universal Lighting Bill. At the present, the position of matters is worse than chaotic, particularly with regard to the slower forms of traffic. In the general interest and for the safety of all users of the highway, it is imperative that every vehicle should present lights both to the front and rear, and that such lights should sub-tend the extreme width of the vehicle. It is urgently necessary that drivers of vehicles approaching and overtaking each other should know that, if they clear the lights meeting or overtaking, they have cleared everything, without pulling into the gutter or

on to the grass-edge, to clear some outjutting part, the width of which there is nothing to show. At present, lights may be set as far inboard as the caprice or the thoughtlessness of drivers permits, and this is particularly the case with market-garden carts and similar heavy, lumbering monopolisers of the road. A ridden horse should be lighted by a lamp depending from the off-side stirrup; the presence of sheep and cattle should be signalled; and cyclists should be compelled to show a red light to their rear.



SEEN MORE EASILY THAN THE LITTLE FLAG:
THE NEW TAXI "FOR HIRE" SIGN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

The Adaptable "Adair" Jack.

It will be readily admitted that placing and elevating an ordinary jack, when it is desired to raise a car-wheel off the ground, is an irksome job. It generally means a good deal of uncomfortable stooping, with the resultant blood to the head in the case of those whose youth is behind them. So the thanks of all motorists of a certain age will go out to "Dunhill's" in connection with their "Adair" jack, which presents several most interesting and ingenious features. By means of a long-jointed tubular rod, which is thrust into a socket, the jack can be pushed under the axle and raised up to it. The rod is then withdrawn, put into another socket, and the jack worked up until the wheel is sufficiently far from the ground. Then when the

job, whatever it is, is completed, the rod is put into a third socket, and being pressed down, the jack is at once lowered, and can be withdrawn also by the tube again. And all this with a straight back. A boon indeed!

The Doctor's Rebate.

It may be that medical men who use their motor-cars in the discharge of their professional duties may have lost sight of the fact that, by the urgent representations of the Motor Union and the British Medical Association, they are entitled to the return of the whole duty they paid on petrol used during 1909. It would appear that, although the Board of Customs and Excise have issued forms upon which doctors may apply now and in the future for the rebate of half the duty, no form has been put out for the return of the full duty as mentioned above. As several medical members of the Motor Union have been unable to obtain this rebate, the Motor Union tackled the Board upon the subject, and received a reply to the effect

that no whole-duty forms would be issued, but that application for the return of the whole duty could be made upon the half-duty forms altered to suit the special conditions. It should be noted that the duty may not be claimed on spirit received after Dec. 4 last.

(Continued on a later page.)



SUITED TO AN UP-TO-DATE LOHENGRIN: A SWAN-SHAPED MOTOR-CAR,
WHICH HISSES AS DOES THE BIRD IT RESEMBLES.

This remarkable car, made for use in India, cost £2500. It has electric-light eyes. The exhaust can be sent through the beak, causing the "swan" to hiss.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Flat. Many people have been looking forward eagerly for the opening of the flat-race season, and the beginning will soon be on us. I think we shall have plenty of good sport this season, but caution must be exercised for at least a month, as the going on the majority of training-grounds has been so unsound of late that the two-year-olds have been unable to be trained properly. The soft going has, however, been of great service to many of the old handicap horses with doubtful legs. I expect to see a capital field in point of numbers for the Lincoln Handicap, but the winner will take some finding. My fancy for the race will be found in another column. The programme for the three days at Lincoln is a strong one, and the same can be said of that compiled for Liverpool. Of course the big dish at Aintree will be the race for the Grand National, for which by-the-bye, tips are more plentiful than usual. In the opinion of many good judges, Cackler has only to stand up to win; "but will he stand up?" is the question we have to settle before finding the winner. He has been round the course once, but it is the second time that does the mischief as a rule. He looks like a 'chaser, and he jumps like one, but he has quite enough weight to carry, and it may be that next week I shall be in a position to suggest the name of a light-weight that is very likely to beat him. The double-event wagers have been numerous this year, but those who wait until the day of the race and follow the money are likely to do much better than the guessing merchants.

S.P. According to all accounts, the starting-price bookmakers who operate away from the course have all lost money at the winter game; and I am told that four out of every six horses that win under National Hunt rules are backed away from the course. Things have come to such a pass that many of the layers decline to take more than a couple of pounds about any one horse from a customer unless the bet is made half an hour before the time set for the start of the race to take place. One merchant told me the other day that on one occasion

them. Indeed, I know of a man who, a day or two ago, had notification of a big job five minutes before the start. He telephoned to his bookmaker, who simply answered right off in this characteristic fashion: "We are full up So-and-So, and can take no more." This shows how quickly news travels; it also

proves that the bookmakers are beginning to protect themselves against being shot at in one-horse fashion. Nearly all the starting-price coups emanate from the Northern and Midland meetings. At a certain two-day meeting held a month ago there were nine starting-price jobs, and the majority of these materialised.

Language. I had a letter from a correspondent the other day who

asked me to try and get certain race-goers to moderate their language somewhat when going to and from the course. He said that, while travelling up to a certain course from the station in a steam-launch the other day, he had for companions about two hundred and fifty men who, in his opinion, do business in the little ring, and according to his statement, their language was anything but polite. It is a nuisance, I admit, when one gets into a railway-carriage, on a brake, or in a boat, to have to listen to the low talk of these men, but I cannot quite see where the remedy is to come from. If a bookmaker or a backer uses bad language in either of the enclosures, he can be summarily ejected by the ringkeepers, and that, too, without getting the money paid for admission refunded. Some years ago, a certain bookmaker was warned off Newmarket Heath for using foul language to a well-known peer who was a pillar of the Turf. I must say that, in my experience, the little bookies have always behaved themselves when riding to and from racecourses when they were in the presence of ladies, and I am inclined to think that many of the men who use bad language do so from sheer force of habit. All the same, it is a practice that ought to be put down, and I, for one, should never think of doing business with any bookmaker who so forgot himself as to use



THE MASTER OF THE CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE HUNT: MR. DOUGLAS CROSSMAN.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE MASTER OF THE NEW FOREST HUNT: MR. WALTER DE P. CAZENOVE.

Photograph by Bassano.

he received as much as £600 from his clients over a little hurdle-race, and the whole of this sum went on only two horses, although the field numbered sixteen runners. It is possible to get all jobs a few minutes before the start, but these are useless to little punters, as the bookies will not take any money on



CHILDREN OF AN ARISTOCRATIC AUTHOR: LADY HELEN FORBES' SON AND DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Brown.

language unbecoming a real sportsman. If all backers were to follow this suggestion, we should soon find the layers in all the rings acting respectably, and it would be all the better for everybody.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Glad Rags." There is no doubt that the terrors of the early spring would be harder to bear than they now are only for the fact that with the timid sunshine and the riotous winds we one and all, women and men, put on what Americans call our Glad Rags to celebrate the vernal season. There is a moral superiority about wearing new clothes—if they are becoming—which no virtue or intellect can confer upon us. We are uplifted by a new hat—and even by a new pair of shoes, which are not so obvious to the casual passer-by—more than if we had discovered a continent or written a masterpiece. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with unblushing American irreverence, declared that "the consciousness of being well dressed was better than the consolations of religion." This may account, perhaps, for the somewhat arrogant and superior attitude of the Englishman of the upper and middle classes abroad. He knows that he walks in shining beauty, and is dressed—according to the hideous fashions of the day—with a perfection that no other inhabitant of this terrestrial globe can attain to. From the top of his shining head to the end of his shining toe he is unchallengeable, immaculate, unapproachable. Something of the same perfection is achieved by the Parisienne who dresses in the Rue de la Paix, and this perfection also accounts for her tinge of arrogance, her

undisputed and sovereign sway over her masculine contemporaries. A few Englishwomen aspire to this sartorial domination, and succeed; the German tries, but usually ends in flamboyant disaster; while the American wears her Glad Rags with an attention to "line" which elicits the homage of two continents.

Novels on Screens. The bioscope novel is already announced, and soon we shall have our fiction in pictorial form, instead of in fat volumes from the library. For obvious reasons, what the sisters in "Evan Harrington" used to call "the finer shades" will have to be left out of these twentieth-century romances. They must be primitive in their appeal to the audience. The "shocker" will come once more into vogue, and love-affairs of an exciting and tumultuous kind will be chiefly dealt with. Many of the famous Grand Guignol dramas in miniature might be done by cinematograph, for words are not essential to the horrid thrills they produce. So the detective story—so dear to boys of all ages—will obtain a new lease of

fiction will be penny plain and twopence coloured is to understate the case; it will be lurid in tint and swift and short in action.

The Newest Thrill.

There is no doubt that "flying," like climbing high mountains, has an extraordinarily exhilarating effect on the human being who soars, in extreme peril, at a great height. A well-known aviator, Mr. T. S. Baldwin, has recently assured us that flight not only tends to exalt the mind, but "breathes into the body an overflowing measure of health, endurance, and power. But, primarily of course, there is that feeling dear alike to civilised and uncivilised man or woman—the feeling of triumph. The new science has already inspired one of the masters of European literature to write a novel about it, and the hero of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Forse che sì, forse che no" is, as all the world now knows, a birdman. D'Annunzio—who, it may be mentioned, has carried his researches into the new ecstasy so far as to make several flights in an aeroplane as a passenger—may yet add a pendant to his gloomy but grandiose novel, "The Triumph of Death," by writing a still more complete study of aviation and call it "The Triumph of Man."

The One Subject of Conversation.

The worst result, socially, of the present political impasse is that not only may we have the lurid delights of another General Election sprung very soon upon us, but that there is literally no other topic of conversation possible in the world where one amuses—or does not amuse—oneself. One can talk, to be sure, about anything, but unfortunately, we have all exhausted the possibilities of the Budget, Tariff Reform, and that tottering, but still intact, institution, the House of Lords. There is no more to be said—what, then, shall we say? It is disquieting to think of a London Season in which we shall still be wrangling about politics instead of attending with our usual assiduousness to the gossip of the town, the top note of the newest prima-donna, or the ironic felicities of Mr. Shaw's latest play. Women have immersed themselves valiantly in the hot-water of party politics, but there is no doubt there is a feeling of dismay in the feminine camp at the present moment that there is to be no surcease from their labours, and that no sooner are they back in town and occupied with invitation-cards, frills, and dinner-parties, than they must be off to the slums and the suburbs, the mining districts and the manufacturing towns, to woo the coy and elusive vote. These unpaid and occasionally unthanked labourers in the Parliamentary vineyard should combine this time to "strike," and let their mankind do the work which brings them, at any rate, honour and position, and, if they are in the Government, a handsome pecuniary reward.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING EVENING GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART MORNING DRESS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

life, and battle, murder, and sudden death will be largely used to obtain an instantaneous effect. We shall not see the "little rift within the lute," but the modern Bill Sikes in the act of wreaking his vengeance on the unfortunate Nancy. To say that bioscope

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

At Buckingham Palace.

Of all the ladies at Court on Friday night none looked more magnificent than Lady Magdalen Bulkeley. She is the wife of Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey, and is sister to Lady Alington. She presented her second daughter, Miss Aïra Bulkeley. Lady Bulkeley's gown was all burnished silver and diamonds. The bodice was one mass of lace-like Louis Quinze embroidery in finest diamond-work, marquise-shaped stones and round and square all effectively employed. The skirt, of burnished-silver satin, was plain save for two long lines of white silver-wrought satin draped from the waist to one side above the hem, worked with glittering silver, and caught above the hem with a large, soft, silver cabbage-rose. The train was of gold-green velvet, made rather in a fan shape, and widely bordered with cloth-of-silver, with which it was also lined. There was a long festoon over velvet and silver of foliage in embroidery outlined with crystal, and near the shoulders at either side a transparent lattice of silver was finished with silver tassels. A high diamond tiara and diamond ornaments, and a very handsome and dignified wearer, made this a remarkable appearance at Court.

Début as a Duchess.

Her Grace of Devonshire was presented on Friday night for the third time. First she was presented to Queen Victoria as Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, elder of the two daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne. Her second presentation was as Lady Evelyn Cavendish, on her marriage to Mr. Victor Cavendish; now she has made her curtsy in the historic rôle of Duchess of Devonshire. She wore on her beautiful pale-gold train some historic rose-point lace too, so beautiful as to have caused enthusiastic admiration on the part of so keen a critic of lace as was Queen Victoria. It was draped over the cloth-of-gold train, which was fastened on the shoulder by a diamond hook and eye, a similar ornament catching it over to the right side of the skirt. The dress was of rich, soft white satin in Princess' style, with folds of lovely old Brussels lace on the bodice caught by a cluster of dull, pale gold roses. The skirt part was first veiled with chiffon and then draped with lace. Both were bordered with a delicate tracery of pearls, crystal, and diamonds. It was a dress fit for a duchess, and diamonds fit for it were worn with it.

A Double Presentation.

The Countess of Airlie, who looked most distinguished in black and silver, presented her recently married daughter, Lady Helen Mitford, who, with her graceful white satin, pearl-embroidered dress, wore a pale-pink satin train; and also her only unmarried and youngest daughter, Lady Mabel Ogilvy, who was all in white satin, her dress veiled with chiffon hemmed with pearls.

Sleeves à la Japonaise.

A hall-mark of this season is to have the sleeves cut in one with the bodice. They are not kimono sleeves, with which we have long been familiar in coats and mantles and *sorties-de-bal*. These are neat little sleeves to the elbow or above it, cut in the bodice. They were much in evidence at Court, and will be seen much for afternoon gowns also, the sleeve being longer, and an inner sleeve of lace net or embroidery being supplied. They look very neat, and are undoubtedly of Japanese inspiration and French adaptation.

A Fine House for a Dance.

The Countess of Albemarle gave her dance last week for her daughter, Lady Betty Keppel, and for her sons—I never know why dances are always given for girls; boys enjoy them just as much—at 7, St. James's Square, the town house of her father, the late Earl Egerton. There is plenty of space on the ground-floor for a ball. The suite of reception-rooms is a very fine one, and the floors themselves splendid for dancing. The Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Albemarle's step-mother, held some large receptions there. The dance was a great success.

The Science of Eating to Live.

If we live to eat we know that ours will be a short life and a dyspeptic one. Most of us choose to eat to live, and were shown at a recent reception at the Oxo factory in Southwark how science aids us to do so, and how we can obtain pleasure to our palates too. Sir William Crookes (of whose scientific attainments this page would hardly hold the mere mention), Sir William Tilden, Sir Edward Thorpe, Professor Raphael Meldola, and others noted in the world of learning were shown the process of blending the nourishing fibrin of beef with the stimulating extract of beef, as also the processes in connection with the making of Lemco, well known as the most highly concentrated form of beef in the world. They saw, too, Nursing Oxo prepared—it is largely used for invalid dietary, and contains peptone of beef. Sir William Crookes expressed his great pleasure that everything was organised on such scientific lines, and that chemistry played such an important part in these valuable manufactures, even from the growing of the three million tons of grass consumed by the British pedigree

stock owned by the company, from which the extract of concentrated beef sent from the Argentine factories, and carefully analysed and tested in the factories here, is taken. It is most assuring to find that Oxo and Lemco—staple articles in every household; the stand-by of sportsmen and travellers—are such splendid things from the scientific point of view.

British Beauty.

English society is famous for its pretty women and pretty girls. Among them, Lady Evelyn James, elder of the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, holds a place. Her beauty is of the picturesque order. She married, nearly ten years ago, the Hon. Robert James, third son of Lord Northbourne. They have a son of six years. Lady Evelyn and her husband live in Yorkshire, in the lovely Richmond district, but are frequently in London. A beauty in another style is the Hon. Mrs. Lawson Johnston; she is one of the daughters of Lord and Lady St. John of Bletso. Ivie Lady Colquhoun is a picturesquely pretty woman. The widow of Sir James Colquhoun, whose second wife she was, she married in September last Mr. Harrington, a young officer more nearly of her own years than her first husband. Miss Doreen Milner is a tall beauty. Her father, the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, is one of the most distinguished-looking men of his years. His wife, who died eight years ago, was the sister of Lady Henry Nevill. Their father, Mr. William Beckett, brother of the late Lord Grimthorpe, was accidentally killed on the level crossing near his home. Miss Milner is a great favourite in Society. The Hon. Victoria Sackville-West is a débutante of this season. She is the only child of Lord and Lady Sackville of Knole, who have just established their right to the peerage—or rather, a claimant failed to establish his. Miss West is already a great favourite in the neighbourhood of her father's very beautiful place, which is filled with art treasures. One of the hostesses of this pre-Easter season was Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, who has a large and beautiful house in Hamilton Place. Her husband is nephew to Mr. Arthur Sassoon, who is so often the King's host. Mrs. Sassoon has a daughter who is only fifteen, and was therefore not at the dance, which was a great success. Mrs. Sassoon gave a brilliant concert last season at which Tetrassini, and Scotti, and other well-known operatic artists sang. Miss Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Claude Wilson, of Belmont, Tunbridge Wells, is another pretty girl looking forward to the pleasures of the season. Miss Margery Lawson, the elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. William and Mrs. Lawson, is to be married on the 14th of next month to Mr. Jack Harrison, of the Royal Horse Guards. Miss Lawson, who is a granddaughter of Lord Burnham, is a keen rider to hounds well known in the Melton Mowbray country. Lady Charles Fitzmaurice is the youngest daughter of the Viceroy of India and the Countess of Minto, and wife of Captain Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales. As Lady Violet Elliot she won the Calcutta Cup in the ladies' races on a horse that had never previously carried a lady. She is not yet twenty-one, and is the mother of a wee girl not a year old yet.

Players at the Play.

Grasso the Sicilian's enthusiasm for his English audience is not far behind his audience's enthusiasm for the visitor from the South. And now Grasso's leading lady is overcome with gratitude. The other night she was seen kissing her hand, as only she or Ellen Terry can kiss hands, in the direction of a certain box. For a moment the stalls were shocked, but not when they discovered that the delighted occupant was—why, Miss Ellen Terry! While the English actress is clapping her hands for the Sicilians, Réjane has been discovered weeping in a stall at the Gymnase, so moved was she by the acting of Mlle. Berthe Bady in "La Folle Vierge." In every sense, the "pro." when she steps across the footlights, is the best element in an audience. The prettiest person who listened intent to Miss Ethel Smyth's marvellous "Wreckers" the other night—she attracted Mr. Sargent's eye and Mrs. Asquith's opera-glasses—sat, resplendent in a partial turban of silver that could not quite subdue her curls, in a box with Mrs. Beecham. She was quickly recognised as Miss Ruth Vincent, whose first adventures in opera have been particularly successful.

Fancy-dress has never been more popular than it is at the present time, and the Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball which took place last Friday was a brilliant success. The variety and ingenuity of the costumes were remarkable, and the scene, with its brilliant colour-effects and its quaint commingling of characters and periods, was as gay and picturesque as ever it has been on former occasions. The next fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden is to take place on Boat-Race Eve, March 22.

That famous play of eccentric American character, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which is approaching its 1200th performance, had a successful run last week at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham. The part of Mrs. Wiggs was taken by Miss Sophie Lingwood, and among other clever impersonations may be mentioned those of Miss Rita Carlyle as Miss Hazy, Miss Beatrix Bell as Mrs. Eichorn, Miss Ruhamah Catton as Lovey Mary, Mr. Frederick Forrest as Mr. Stubbins, and Mr. Sydney Carlyle as Chris Hazy.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 14.

RUBBER AND RUBBER SHARES.

WE heard the other day of a well-known Rubber Company which had just concluded a deal for the sale of the whole of its 1911 crop at 8s. 3d. per pound. The price of plantation rubber shows no indication of falling. On the contrary, it steadily advances, and that it will touch 10s. per pound this year is a common assumption likely to be realised. This being the case, it would almost seem as though the high-priced shares were, after all, not such bad investments at the present prices. To take Vallombrosas as an example. The shares stand at 40s., equal to £20 for the old £1 share. But if the Company pays 200 per cent. for a year or two, which is quite probable, the yield, even at the current quotation, would be 10 per cent., and the Company might easily earn more. These, and Linggis, Highlands, and—as a speculation—Sialings stand out as being even now promising purchases; while of the lower-priced varieties we hear Chersonese spoken of in several different quarters as worth having.

THE RHODESIAN BOOM.

Of all the unreliable booms that it has ever been our little lot to watch, commend us to a Rhodesian as the most dangerous of them all. A Rhodesian boom rises on virtually nothing at all, and because the shares are low-priced and look cheap, therefore they are "popular." The swift rise in Surprise may be justified. There are good authorities who think it will be carried farther before it stops. But on the back of this possibly justifiable jump there have ridden scores of other rises with which Reason would refuse to be found dead in the same ditch. It is fascinating enough, we admit, and the dramatic way in which a number of the leading prices have moved is a fine corrective to a sluggish liver—provided the possessor of it happens to be a bull. But in the permanence of the present range of Rhodesian prices, candidly, we don't believe a bit.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

There is this much about it, namely, that no adviser of the public—call him a tipster if you like—can possibly plume himself upon superior foresight as compared with his brethren, because almost everything that has been recommended by almost every writer has gone up—except Home Rails, Consols, and suchlike luxuries.

So it is no use my bragging about all the money you might have made by following the excellent suggestions tendered, as regards the popular markets, in this column during the last few months. All that I need do is to hope that a few readers may have paid me the undeserved compliment of following various ideas formulated here in the matter of speculation, and to trust they won't run their profits for too long, for untaken profits are as unreliable as the other sort of prophets, and are liable to sudden decampment on a very trifling excuse.

One is frequently asked which financial columns have the largest following, and, speaking as a stockbroker, I should put *Truth* and the *Sunday Times* far and away at the head of all the others. I have not the pleasure of knowing any of the gentlemen who write for either of those two journals, but their influence is great, and their advice commands a very wide circle of attention. Then there is an excellent Saturday column of finance in the *Daily Telegraph*, which I know is studied closely by quite a whole lot of people. Occasional tips in the daily papers arouse fleeting interest, and probably cause temporary fluctuations in prices, but you would hardly place much reliance upon this ephemeral sort of thing. I remember how, many years ago, we used to say it was safe to sell things puffed in a certain daily paper before twelve o'clock, because the odds were ten to one you would get the shares back cheaper at the end of the day.

You remember, maybe, how I told you about buying some Jequié Rubber shares, P.A., at 5s. They went up to 14s. 6d., but I took my profit long before, confuse it! Now I must confess having laid in a few 'Tati Concessions at 18s. Mind, it's a real gamble—an out-and-outer—and a quick profit is all I'm after. But I believe that, as a Mining tip, it's a good one, provided you are not too greedy in going for a large profit.

Those Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia are still being vigorously tipped, and may, of course, go better. Only I doubt whether it's wise to hang out overlong in their case either. Surprise are likelier to be rattled up, and good authority assures me the price will go to a fiver, on merits.

That was a quaint move in Lipton's which drove up the price to 28s. 3d. one day and dropped it, incontinently, to 25s. 9d. the next. As Tennyson said, "Someone had blundered." The rise brought in a lot of shares, and a few lines came into the Stock Exchange, those in control making a hash of the deal and fairly upsetting the market. If you hold Lipton's, take my advice and keep them. If you don't mind taking a little risk, buy some more, and sit on them for a five-shillings' rise. Industrials don't appeal to me in a general way, but I believe it's right to have Liptons now, at all events.

I wonder why we take a sort of delight in hearing, and retailing, stories of meanness. I was told this one the other day as a positive fact. A man, with seventy thousand a year income, was playing billiards at the club with some friends, and as the night wore on, one of the quartet observed that he was getting hungry. The millionaire touched the bell. "Four sandwiches," he ordered. The waiter had hardly disappeared before one of the other men said he didn't want anything to eat. The host touched the bell again. "Three sandwiches, waiter," came the amended order!

The demand for investments of a speculative character with a chance of improved capital value is almost as much a feature in the Stock Exchange as is the revived taste for gambling. Everyone asks for a security that is likely to rise. We find comparatively little of the business that is content with 4 cent. and safety: people are crying out for something more speculative, and the buying that this spirit is responsible for can be plainly seen in the Mexican Railway and the Grand Trunk Markets, in the Peruvian Corporation rise and the advance in the prices of recent Government issues in the foreign market. Myself, I believe that the new Brazil Fours at $\frac{1}{2}$ premium are an excellent speculative investment; and there is another cheap thing in this department—the new Buda Pesth script, standing at a discount of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Of course we all know that when you come to Buda Pesth you are "getting warm," as the children say, in the direction of Near Eastern trouble; but, as a matter of fact, the security of

the city is sound enough, and I am certain that the present discount will shortly give way to a premium of similar amount.

Mexico North-Western 5 per Cent. First Mortgage bonds at 83: there's another good speculative thing for you. It is not gilt-edged: no stocks that pay 6 per cent. on the money are that; but they may be fairly considered a reasonable speculative investment with a chance of rising to 90. Mexican Railway Second Preference, despite its rise, is likely to go better, and National Railways of Mexico Second Preferred Shares, now about $28\frac{1}{2}$, are good to gamble in. Ask your own broker, if you are prudent enough to desire another opinion besides that of

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

THE AMALGAMATED PROPERTIES OF RHODESIA.

The particulars of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, mentioned by our correspondent "The House-Haunter" in the above letter, are somewhat as follows: The Company owns 1,250,000 acres of land and 1628 mining claims in Rhodesia, besides certain town stands; its issued capital consists of 1,452,968 fully paid 5s. shares; and its most valuable asset is its holding in the much talked of Shamva property in the Abercorn district. This property is undoubtedly considered to be very valuable and promising, and the fact that the Consolidated Goldfields also holds a big interest is certainly a recommendation. The lodes lie in a hill, from which it is said that the ore can be extracted by adit levels, and that so cheaply can these lodes be worked that a profit should be made from 2-dwt. ore. In addition to the Shamva interests, the Company has large holdings in the Lomagunda Development Company, the West Rhodesian Blanket Company, the Goldfields of Matabeleland, and others; but it is especially on account of this Shamva property that the friends of the Amalgamated Properties expect higher prices for the shares.

THE BRITISH CONSOLIDATED OIL CORPORATION.

This Company has a share capital of £200,000, of which one half is issued, and, in addition, has an authorised 6 per cent. Debenture issue of £100,000. The Debentures carry the right of conversion into Ordinary shares at par at any time before Oct. 1, 1912, and at £2 per share up to Oct. 1, 1913. The Company has acquired five properties, or large interests in the same, in California, U.S.A., of which, it is said, four are known to be oil-bearing, and all situated in the Coalinga district. On the first property a well has been sunk to a depth of 1600 feet, and is expected to be in oil by July next; on the second property two wells are being sunk, and have reached the depths of 2500 and 2400 feet respectively; on the third property seven wells are producing about 1000 barrels of oil per day, and will during the year be supplemented by at least three more, so that the production may be raised to 1500 barrels. The fourth property is owned by a separate concern, in which the British Consolidated Oil Company owns a one-third interest, and here the sinking of one well is approaching completion. The fifth property has not yet been attacked, but is surrounded by lands upon which prospecting is rapidly proceeding.

Saturday, March 5, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. R.—Your letter was fully answered on the 3rd inst.

BELELE.—(A) As to No. 2 on your list, it is a good bond; the subscription was closed in an hour or so, and the Bonds stand at 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ premium. We consider the Bonds a good Industrial investment.

BITTE.—The Company is a good one, and there is no reason to sell the shares. We consider these shares as likely to appreciate as any others of a like class.

SPERO.—(1) "Q" is not a great believer in the Oil boom. He says Burmah Oil and Shell Transport are probably the best shares in that market. We believe Trinidad Oilfields to be a sound proposition, but have no special information.

G. B.—Your enclosure was forwarded on the 2nd inst.

E. G. B.—(1) Trunk Second Preference or Mexican Second Preference might suit you. (2) You cannot do better than hold the 6 per cent. Debentures of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company. (3) Argentine Great Western are about the best.

OASIS.—The Company has been most disappointing. It is said that the difficulties are now overcome, and as a speculative purchase to hold for a time, we think the shares will probably turn out well. No dividends at present.

J. A. L.—We only send private answers in accordance with Rule 5. The Company was the Java Amalgamated Rubber Estates, Ltd.; the price 7s. premium—not, as stated by you, 7s. per share.

FAITH.—We see no reason to sell.

SCOT.—We have no special information, but nothing about the concern recommends itself to us.

MAMMON.—We prefer No. 1, but none of the Companies named recommend themselves to us at present prices.

J. R.—It does not seem the right moment to sell Rhodesian shares. If you can make a profit you might dispose of some of your present holding and replace the shares sold by exercising your option next July. Shares issued under option will probably not be good delivery at present.

PLANTER.—If you invest your money in bonds to bearer, with coupons payable out of the United Kingdom, you can have them collected without deduction. It is not your bank that deducts the tax, but the bank, or Company, that pays the dividend.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick, the National Hunt Steeplechase may be won by Nimble Kate, and the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase by Milton Ernest. At Lingfield, The Clown II. may win the March Hurdle, and Cipango the Grinstead Steeplechase. At Rugby, the Open Steeplechase should go to Jenkins, and the Foxhunters' Steeplechase to Kineton. At Haydock, Viz may win the Golborne Hurdle, and Atrato the Newton Steeplechase. At Hurst Park I like these: Richmond Hurdle, Kilroe; Four and Five-Year-Old Steeplechase, Cognac; New Century Steeplechase, Butter Ball; Spring Hurdle, Lucus. For the Lincoln Handicap I like Ednami, and l'Anson may finish in the first three.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Maxim No. 2. For my part, it has always been a matter of surprise that that veteran scientist and engineer, Sir Hiram Maxim, should have delayed so long in reattacking the flying problem. The success he achieved at Baldwin's Park in 1894-5 with a huge machine, comparatively, and a ponderous engine must have put him into possession of information possessed by no other experimentalist at that time. The improvement effected in the internal-combustion engine by automobile engineers has been of sufficient duration to have suggested further experiments to Sir Hiram some years since; but it may be that, comparatively late in the field though he is, his knowledge and resources have enabled him to produce something considerably in advance of the machines at present in hand. But that remains to be seen. In the meantime, general public curiosity has been aroused by the announcement, and much is expected of the latest production of Sir Hiram's brain. One wonders whether the silver-haired, venerable scientist will essay his machine in his own proper person; but, having regard to his age and his achievements, it is to be hoped he will leave the practical demonstrations to younger and less valuable individuals.

A Featherweight Engine.

The machine is of the biplane type, each plane being divided laterally into three sections, the centre section supporting the engine and gear, while the two side or outer sections are upswept, with the object of affording greater stability. The aeroplane measures 44 ft. over all, the planes having a longitudinal width of 6 ft. 6 in., a similar distance separating them vertically one from the other. Fore and aft

biplanes are provided for the purpose of elevating or depressing the machine. Steerage is obtained from a rudder pivoted between the rear biplanes. The centre of gravity has been kept as low as possible, and the frame is reduced to the simplest possible proposition. A four-cylinder water-cooled engine, 5 in. bore, 5½ in. stroke, supplies the power necessary for propulsion. Both valves are in the cylinder-head, and are operated by rocking tappets from a single cam-shaft. The engine weighs but 220 lb., and at 1400 revolutions per minute develops 87-h.p. This is 2½ lb. per horse-power, as near as possible. But, owing to the extreme lightness of the reciprocating parts, the engine can be run at a speed which gives off no less than 100-h.p.



LUXURIOUS EASE FOR MOTORISTS: THE NEW SMOKING-ROOM OF THE MOTOR CLUB, IN COVENTRY STREET.

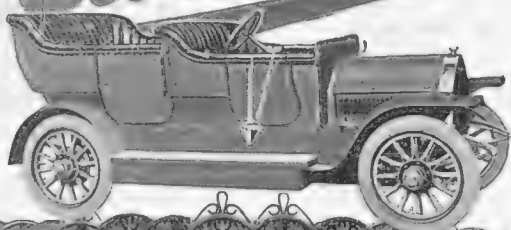
So rapid has been the increase in the membership of the Motor Club that it has been found necessary not only to enlarge some of the existing rooms, but to add new ones, including a smoking-room and a reading and writing room. Our photograph shows the luxurious ease and comfort provided for motorists in the new smoking-room. The Motor Club is situated in Coventry Street, near Piccadilly Circus.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

of a fly-wheel. The wing tips are flexed for turning, but in a much more refined and controllable manner than in the case of the Wright machines. A combination of springs and wires is used, a spring moving the wing in one direction and the wire in the other, so control is given by a single wire alone, and not by two, as in other cases. Space forbids further detail, but in carburation, lubrication, and cooling this engine gives evidence of the most careful consideration. Sir Hiram has also invented an apparatus wherewith the handling of the machine can be acquired without risk of damage to aviator or aeroplane.

Three Propellers—Sir Hiram Maxim One a Fly-Wheel.

has gone one better than the Wrights, for he fits three propellers in lieu of two. Two of these propellers, which are 11 ft. 5 in. in diameter, are set immediately behind the upper plane at the points where the outer planes break upwards from the central section. They are driven from the crank-shaft by endless braided linen belts running over grooved aluminium pulleys. The third propeller is 5 ft. in diameter only, and is carried on the crank-shaft, where it serves the purpose

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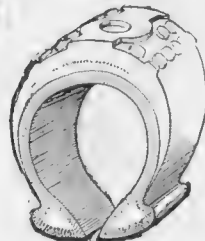
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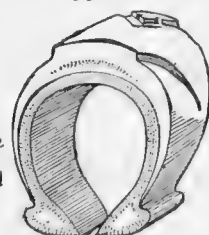
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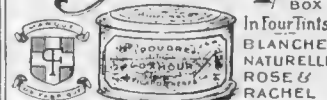
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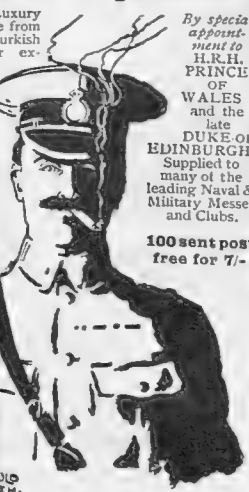
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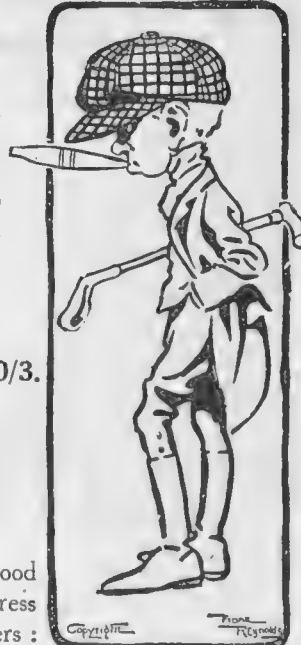
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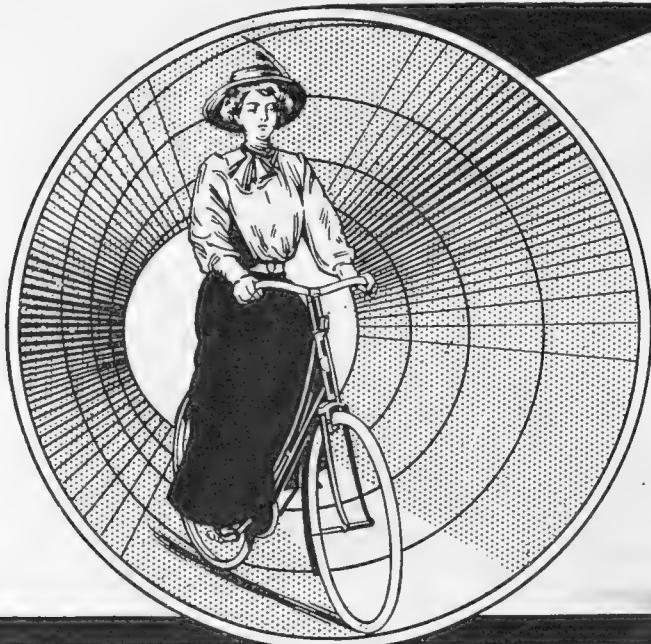


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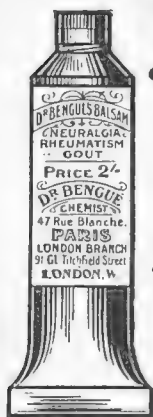
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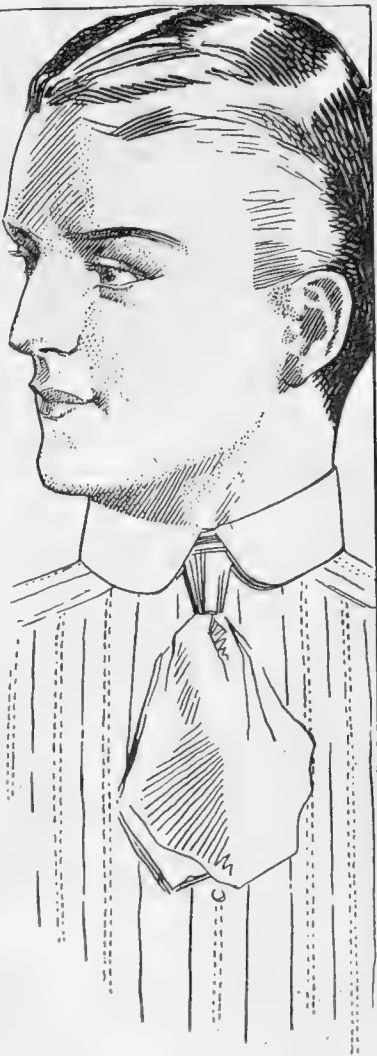
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They are made of a fabric—"Dexter" fabric—which goes through three distinct, exclusive, patented processes of weatherproofing.

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— $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful of Lemco to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm milk—that is what the doctors recommend. Useful in the kitchen, priceless in the sickroom, wonderful for children, and excellent for all.



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Lavender Water, of fine quality, possesses the delicate fragrance of the Lavender flower, and does not leave—like so many foreign perfumes—an unpleasant smell on the handkerchief

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M^{me} ADELINA PATTI says:
Have found it very good indeed.

FOR PREVENTING
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THE **COMPLEXION**
it is unequalled.

*Blotches, Chaps,
Freckles, Redness,
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disappear as if by magic.

MOTORISTS FIND IT INVALUABLE.
MARVELLOUS FOR SOOTHING THE CHAFING AFTER SHAVING.

Price: 4/3, 2/6 and 4/- per Pot, 4/3 per Tube.

Use also
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REFINED, DELIGHTFUL,
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These Towels are obtainable from all Ladies' Outfitters, Stores, and Chemists. To be persuaded to accept any substitute is to risk discomfort and disappointment. Packets of 1 doz., 6d., 1/-, 1/4, 2/-. Sample packets, 3-doz. assorted sizes, 6d. stamps, post free.

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Size A, 1d., B, 1½d., C, 2d.

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AS PRODUCED BY ROYALTY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS

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Patent Expression Device which gives to the Angelus just that exquisite human-like effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished Pianist. The Melodant accentuates the melody or theme of the composition so that it stands out clearly in contrast to the accompaniment.

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Lait "Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use.

Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN
but beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of Lait "Larola" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin surface in changeable weather.

Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after motoring, golfing, dancing, &c.

Bottles 1/-, 1/9, 2/6 each, of all Chemists and Stores.

Send us 3d., and we will forward you in the U.K. a box of samples of Lait "Larola," Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, and our pamphlet on how to improve your complexion.

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THE MOST PERFECT TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED

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PAYING FROM 4½ TO 5 PER CENT.

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THE NYASSA RUBBER COMPANY.

ACCORDING to two interesting reports which accompany the prospectus of the Nyassa Rubber Company, one dealing with agriculture in Nyassa, especially rubber cultivation, and the other with some special machinery for extracting rubber by improved methods, the prospects of the said company would appear to be particularly bright. The capital is £400,000, divided into 400,000 shares of £1 each, of which 150,000 shares are to be issued as fully paid to the vendors in payment of purchase consideration, and 150,000 are now being issued at par for the provision of working capital, the cash portion of the purchase consideration, and the preliminary expenses. As regards the issue of 150,000 at par, 50,000 of these have been underwritten. The money (for each £1 share) is payable as follows: 2s. 6d. on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and the balance, as and when required, in calls of not more than 5s. per share at intervals of not less than two months. The directors of the Nyassa Rubber Company are Mr. L. T. Boustead, chairman of the Batu Tiga (Selangor) Rubber Company; Mr. Hamilton R. Spence, late Acting Chief Conservator of Forests in Ceylon and a director of the Madagascar Rubber Company; and M. Louis G. Schlesinger, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, of Paris, banker and plantation-owner.

The Nyassa Rubber Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring two concessions over extensive areas of rubber-bearing forest and other lands in the territories of the Companhia do Nyassa, a company incorporated by charter of the Portuguese Government, which are bounded on the north by German East Africa, on the west by Lake Nyassa, and on the south by the River Luíro. These concessions, which the Company has an option to purchase on or before June 1, 1910, consist of—

1. The right to select 18 plots of land amounting in all to about 200,000 acres (or 81,000 hectares), on perpetual lease, during two years from Feb. 12, 1910, at an annual quit rent of 20 reis (about 1d.) per hectare.

2. The right for 15 years from Feb. 12, 1910, to exploit all the rubber-bearing plants and trees existing on four plots of 400 square miles each to be selected by the Company, the first of such plots to be selected within the next two years.

The Company will also have the option to acquire a licence for the Territories of the Companhia do Nyassa to use machinery known as the Levat-Guiguet process, recently invented and patented by M. Leon Guiguet, of Lyons, for extracting rubber direct from the vines. The use of this machinery, instead of rough-and-ready native methods, will effect an improvement both in the quality and the quantity of the rubber produced. In order to test the efficacy

of the Levat-Guiguet process, the Company sent an expert, Mr. H. P. Peyton, over to Lyons to inspect the machinery and report upon it. His report is one of those which are enclosed with the Company's prospectus. After giving a detailed technical description of the machines and their method of working, Mr. Peyton says: "The use of this machine should revolutionise the rubber industry, from the production point of view."

The employment of the Levat-Guiguet machinery, therefore, together with a regular system of exploitation of defined areas easily accessible from the coast, should give the Nyassa Rubber Company a great advantage over other companies that own plantations only, as it will be in a position to deal at once with large parcels of rubber, and thus commence to make profits immediately on the delivery of the machines. The coast has several good harbours, which are ports of call for large lines of steamers.

The other encouraging report which accompanies the prospectus of the Nyassa Rubber Company was written by Mr. John Stocks, who was engaged, on the recommendation of the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, to investigate the suitability of the territories in question for the production of rubber. He reports that rubber vines are to be found there in great abundance. He estimates the average amount of rubber annually collected by present methods at 20 lb. to 25 lb. per acre of forest, but he is satisfied that by the use of the Levat-Guiguet process the output would be enormously increased. Mr. Stocks has recently made a tour on behalf of the company through all the rubber-producing regions of Nyassa. "I estimate," he writes, "that at present there are about 200 square miles of forest that are being tapped by the natives. Surrounding this area there is an extensive belt containing a smaller proportion of vines. . . . The young plants are found in thousands ready to hand round the old vines, and could be easily transplanted to the outlying belt. . . . In conclusion, I beg to express to you my very high opinion of the future of both rubber exploitation and cultivation, and general agricultural exploitation, in the territories of the Companhia do Nyassa."

The Directors propose to order in the first instance thirty Guiguet machines, which are estimated as sufficient to treat about twelve square miles per annum. With the price of rubber at 4s. per lb., Mr. Stocks estimates a profit of £15 per acre. Taking the profit at only 2s. per lb. (3s. being more probable) twelve square miles treated per annum would yield a profit of £76,800. With more machines, the profits could be greatly increased. Mr. Stocks calculates the average annual yield from 1000 acres, between the fifth and fifteenth years, at 200,000 lbs. of rubber, which, if sold at only 1s. per lb. profit, would represent an annual profit for eleven years of £10,000 from every 1000 acres planted.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states among other things that:—

The Subscription Lists open to-day, Monday, the 7th of March, 1910, at 10 a.m., and will close on or before Wednesday, the 9th of March, 1910, at 12 noon, necessary time being allowed for receipt of applications from the country by post so that all Subscriptions may be allotted proportionately as far as possible.

THE

PETOONG JAVA RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Capital ... £70,000, divided into 700,000 Shares of 2s. each.

135,000 of these Shares will be issued to the Vendors fully paid in part payment of the purchase price and 100,000 will be held in reserve for further working capital. Allottees of the Shares now offered for Subscription will have the right for 2 years, from the date of Incorporation of the Company, of subscribing for these unissued shares at par *pro rata* to their holdings.

ISSUE OF 465,000 SHARES OF 2s. EACH AT PAR. Payable as follows:
On Application, 6d. per share, On Allotment, 6d. per share,
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W. A. WILLS, Director, Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Limited, Salisbury House, London, E.C., Chairman.

W. H. PEACH, J. P., Chairman, Malay Rubber Planters, Limited, Salisbury House, London, E.C.
CYRIL DARBY MARSON, Director of Malay Copra & Rubber Synd., Ltd., Greengate, Stafford.

JAS. WRIGHT CHISHOLM, Director, Eastern Transvaal Plantations, Ltd., 1, St. Michael's Place, Brighton.

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The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

MARMADUKE THEAKSTONE, Dale Street and Stock Exchange, Liverpool.

AUDITORS.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS & CO., 5, London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICE.

CHAS. H. LAWSON, F.C.I.S., F.A.A., 4, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern the entire undertaking and assets (including the Petoong Ombo Estate) of the Cultuur Maatschappij Petoong Ombo Blitar. The Estate is situated on the S.W. slope of Mount Klot, in the Residency of Kediri, Island of Java, Dutch East Indies.

In order to comply with the requirements of the laws of Java, the Estate will remain vested in the Dutch Company, all the shares of which will be held by this Company.

Attention is particularly directed to the fact that allottees to this issue have the option of taking at par, *pro rata* to their respective holdings, the whole of the 100,000 Shares that are being held in reserve.

These options may be exercised at any time during the next 2 years, and the Shares will be issued on payment of the par value thereof.

The information contained in the Prospectus is obtained from a report made by Jonker P. Teding Van Berkhout, and from the written statement of G. T. Van Ingen, one of the Agents of the Dutch Company in Java, who are the present owners of the Estate.

Acree, Rental and Leases.—The estate has a total area of 611 bouws=1,070 acres, and consists of perpetual land Lease No. 26 of Petoong Ombo, which expires on the 27th August, 1956, and Lease No. 37 expiring on the same date as described by the deeds, at a rental of 6 guilders per bouw. The Leases are renewable under Roman Dutch Law in perpetuity by the payment of a fine of one year's rent, equal to £300 for the whole Estate.

The Estate is most favourably situated, being within 10 miles of Blitar, the principal Town of the district, and about 5 hours by rail from the well-known shipping Port of Soerabaya.

There is no export duty on Rubber in Java. The soil is, for the most part, extremely fertile, and eminently suitable for the cultivation of Rubber. Labour is plentiful and cheap.

Buildings.—The Estate is equipped with all necessary buildings for the accommodation of Managers, Assistants, Coolies, and drying sheds, stores, etc., and machinery sufficient for the work of the Estate.

Rubber.—There are 14,229 Hevea Brasiliensis; 11,958 Ficus Elastica; 1967 Castilloa Elastica; 6,591 Para Trees.

The ages of these trees are as follows:—

SI	of over 15 years' growth.
3,394	" 7 "
6,579	" 6 "
24,721	" 5 "

34,745

It is intended to plant a further 50,000 Para Trees this year and a similar number the following year.

Coffee.—There are 595,725 Java Coffee Trees; 177,640 Robusta Coffee Trees, and 23,040 Liberia Coffee Trees, in all 796,405 trees.

PROFITS.—The net profit from the Java Coffee alone for the past 2 years has been about £3,000 yearly.

The net Profit from the Rubber and Coffee Trees is estimated as follows:—

YEAR.	per lb.	RUBBER.	COFFEE.	TOTAL.	
1910 at 4s.	£5,905	...	£3,000	£8,905	= 12%
1911 at 3s. 6d.	10,360	...	3,000	13,360	= 19%
1912 at 3s. 6d.	13,402	...	3,000	16,402	= 23%
1913 at 3s.	14,089	...	3,000	17,089	= 24%
1914 at 3s.	17,200	...	2,000	19,200	= 27%
1915 at 2s. 6d.	25,600	...	2,000	27,600	= 39%

On the Total Capital of the Company.

The price of Plantation Para Rubber to-day is 9s. to 1s. 6d. per pound.

The cost of collection and delivery in London of Wild Rubber is from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb., but the cost of production and delivery of Plantation Rubber is only 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb.

Although the present price of Plantation Rubber is 9s. 6d. per lb., the Directors have, for the purposes of their calculations in the Prospectus, taken the profits at 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. 6d. per lb. respectively (less than half what the profit would be at the present Market Price), because they are satisfied it is better to make their estimate on a low basis, although there is every reason for believing that the price of Rubber is far more likely to advance than fall.

The world's supply of Rubber is quoted as being about 70,000 tons, and the demand is constantly increasing, whilst at present the production of Cultivated Rubber is only about 5,000 tons.

It is evident that it will take many years before Plantation Rubber can be produced in sufficient quantities to seriously affect the price.

Working Capital.—The proceeds of this issue when subscribed will provide ample working capital for the extension of the Estate, including the planting of an additional 50,000 Para Trees this year and 50,000 next year.

Management.—It is proposed to continue the existing management and it is intended that the services of Mr. Ingenlyuff, the present Manager, shall be retained for the benefit of the Company.

Valuation.—A valuation has been made on behalf of the Directors by Mr. J. Heimpel, a planter of 25 years' experience, and in his report he says:—

"I have carefully considered the reports and particulars in connection with this property, and have come to the conclusion that they may fairly be valued at £50,000 including all the buildings and equipment. The Estates are good, and you may safely look forward to handsome dividends for many years to come. The Management is evidently extremely good."

The Company agrees in accordance with the Agreement (c) given in the Prospectus to take over the estates as a going concern as from the 1st February, 1910, and to satisfy all the debts, liabilities, engagements and outgoings in respect of the estate as from that date.

Applications for Shares must be made on the form below or that accompanying the full Prospectus and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company together with a remittance of the amount payable on application.

Full Prospectuses, upon the terms of which applications will alone be received, and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and the Secretary of the Company.

THE PETOONG JAVA RUBBER ESTATES, LTD.

CAPITAL £70,000.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

Payable 6d. on Application, 6d. on Allotment, and 1s. one month after Allotment.


To the Directors of THE PETOONG JAVA RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.
Gentlemen.—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £2,000, being a deposit of 6d. per Share, payable on application for Shares of 2s. each in the above Company, I hereby request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any less number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Company's full Prospectus, dated March 5, 1910, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I undertake to pay the further instalments as provided by the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full)
Address
Occupation or Description
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Ordinary Signature
Date 1910
This Application Form may be used and should be sent, with a Cheque to Bearer, to the Company's Bankers, THE BRITISH LINEN BANK, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.; Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.

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It is made solely from Grapes grown in the celebrated vineyards of Berncastel, the Kupferberg brand and label distinguishing every genuine bottle.

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(As supplied to the House of Lords)

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"An Averted Marriage."By PERCY WHITE.
(Mills and Boon).

How he goes wife-hunting to the Riviera, and his wooing to an accompaniment of Bacon's Essays Mr. White tells with much vivacity of detail. And the happy solution is satisfactory all round. The humour of "The Stockings" and the poignant sentiment of "Abdoolah" are qualities recurring through the shorter stories, some of which are so slight as to be impressions rather than studies.

"When No Man Pursueth."By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES
(Heinemann.)

While the Royal Commission deliberates day by day on the cheapening of divorce, marriage remains the inevitable theme and the inevitable climax of that great modern force called the novel. Should our minds refuse to regard the novel as daily bread, it is at least its daily cake, and the never-failing plum of it is marriage. Therefore, though differing widely in manner, three new books just received present, in this respect, a similar flavour. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has put between neat blue covers "When No Man Pursueth," the story that appeared first in the weekly edition of the *Times*. The addition below its title of "an everyday story" is somewhat undeserved, for the first words spoken in the little garden "full of night fragrance" convey a sense of mystery. The air of it is subtly done, and so well sustained as to stimulate the most jaded of readers. A group of professional men, mostly doctors, a desirable suburb within easy reach of Victoria, where a lady may pay afternoon calls in a mauve sun-bonnet; no great emotions, and, as we are told, little imagination on the part of the actors would seem unpromising material for romance. This is supplied, however, by two aliens, one of whom explains after the catastrophe, "We have nothing in common with the sort of people to whom you belong, to the respectable, rich, well-established folk, who are all you have ever known. We've no reason to obey the same laws—why should we? We belong to the pariahs, the outcasts of the world." A person less responsive than he to whom this outburst was made will reflect that if they had obeyed the usual laws of civilisation—and why shouldn't they?—they would not have been in any sense pariahs, as they succeeded in being quite attractive to their neighbours. But as one felt called to crime, and the other to connivance, there results for the desirable suburb a very pretty sensation.

"An Averted Marriage" (Mills and Boon), by Mr. Percy White, is a collection of tales named from the first of the series. An old bachelor believes marriage to have become a duty in order to save his property from a rebel nephew.

Mrs. Lowndes knows her everyday world well, she is far too keen an observer for boredom with its everydayness, and her skill in mingling with its "still life" so electric a current is equalled by the technique which enables her to study the reaction of one or the other with absolute conviction. If the mystery looks rather depressingly squalid as it takes shape, that is because, perhaps, crime is apt to be squalid, and crime for mere ease of circumstance most squalid of all.

"Storm and Treasure."By H. C. BAILEY.
(Methuen.)

Romance in full exotic flower blooms across the pages of Mr. Bailey's "Storm and Treasure." Before the Revolution, a fine French gentleman offended royalty nobly, and fled with wife and child to England. His faithful steward, confronted with a usurper in his master's castle, promptly hid the wonderful gold plate, which had become a proverb in the countryside. That is the treasure. Years after came the storm, the storm of revolution, and the wild voices of it call this man's son from the green Sussex downs to the chateau of his ancestors. A last word for the old régime was to be stammered out by the peasants of La Vendée, and their beloved young lord, believing little in royal causes or revolutions, and less in himself, takes his gallant, debonair, and exquisitely bred person through the blood and mud of its protest. The story opens with a melodious prelude, which discovers the young hero betrayed by the violets of an English spring to "the voluptuous vice of contemplation": (he ought to have been bathing). But the wind freshens, the sea braces him, and out of it comes the trumpet-call to France. His Sussex lane, sweet with violets and bright with "the pure light of cowslips," had indeed turned; beyond, there was nothing but a purposeless, arrogant sea, tossing as a toy Alain-Theophile-Marie d'Amay de Fontenay, Vicomte de Van, who had dared to plunge therein. When, bruised and breathless, but debonair still, he is brought up on the shore of normal living once again, he finds himself united with the woman he loves, and over the altar-steps that seal his treasure. As that woman was not Lucile, not deeply fragrant Lucile, but his strenuous Maid of Battle, it may be inferred that he fundamentally preferred waves to violets. At least, one hopes so, for the Vicomte is a charming creation, and deserved domestic happiness. After the storm, the treasure, old as Cellini, no more the boast of ancient ladies, nor coveted by Frenchmen for war on France, goes to rebuild the homesteads and replenish the fields of a country sadly stricken in the high names of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. In the heaviest stress of weather Mr. Bailey finds breath for certain terse graces of style, and the feminine portraits suggest an admiring debt to Meredith.

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